CHRISTIAN HERALD

DECEMBER 1940 ★ TWENTY-FIVE

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From the National Gallery, London. Description of this picture is on page 2.

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THE NATIVITY

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

(FLORENTINE SCHOOL)

BOTTICELLI, with his genius for decorative design, his intense if not eccentric personality, his haunting, tremulous line, and his creation of languid maidens symbolical of strange and neurotic moods, was the first of the Florentine masters to lend authority to art as an esthetic escape from reality. In an age of bold practitioners, he remained apart, neither defeated nor envious, but deliberately fabricating a style of painting which, in subsequent periods of maladjustment between artist and public, has been the standard of overnourished and self-conscious individuality.

But the tanner's son was not an unsuccessful painter, and the mystical implications of his art were the by-products of his mental confusions rather than the direct results of an unsatisfactory career. He was honored by many commissions; he worked in the Sistine Chapel, and was a Medicean favorite; and his studio was the rendezvous, not only of a corps of busy assistants, but of a throng of Florentine scandalmongers with whom he could hold his own in rough-and-tumble diversions.

As Botticelli grew older, his pagan yearnings and Platonic fantasies were replaced by a belated conversion to Christian doctrine, and he became a disciple of Savonarola, heaping godless but beautiful fuel on the bonfire of vanities. The finest illustration of his religious period is The Nativity with the Virgin adoring the child and the fluttering ring of angels overhead. The cryptic inscription in Greek reads; "I, Alexander, painted this picture in the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the time after the fulfillment of the eleventh of St. John—in the second war of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the Devil for three years and a half. Afterward, he shall be chained and trodden down as in this picture." The allusion is to the figures at the bottom, the angels welcoming Savonarola and the two priests who were burned with him. This is admitted to be Botticelli's last painting. Little is known of the remaining decade of his life, but he was never without money, and occasionally served on municipal committees.

NUMBER SEVEN

This is the seventh of a series of reproductions in *Christian Herald* of the great religious paintings. The originals, all by old masters, are in various parts of the world, and all valuable beyond price. Accompanying each reproduction will be a description of the painting and something about the artist, by the noted art critic, Thomas Craven. The picture next month will be Virgin and Child, by Carlo Crevelli.

We are able to present this feature to *Christian Herald* readers through arrangement with Simon and Schuster, publishers of "The Treasury of Art Masterpieces."

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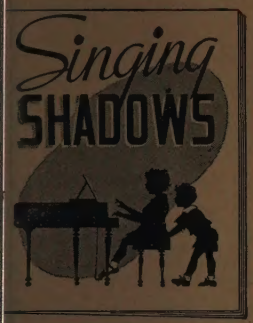

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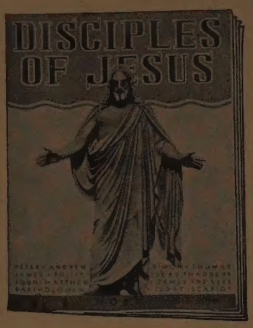

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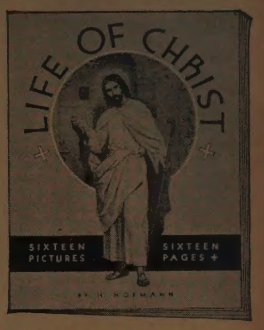

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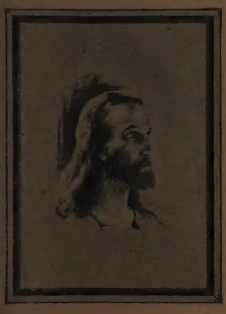

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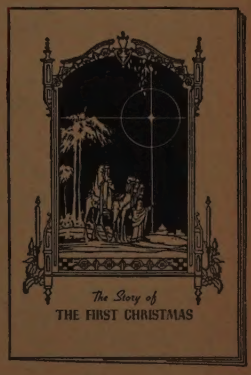

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Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

Do I understand that in the present selective conscription bill there is exemption for conscientious objectors?

FOR the first time in American history, recognition for the conscientious objector has been written into a universal service law. It is Section 5-G of the selective service measure, and is titled "Conscientious Objectors." The first sentence reads: "Nothing contained in this Act shall be construed to require any person to be subject to combatant training and service in the land or naval forces of the United States who, by reason of religious training and belief, is conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form."

The section then goes on at length to particularize the way in which a person claiming such exemption shall state his objections to the local board—that he should be assigned to noncombatant service as defined by the President, or that he should be assigned to work of national defense under civilian direction.

There is also the right and the formula of appeal, if the local board does not grant the exemption. There shall be a hearing by the Department of Justice with respect to the character and good faith of the objections of the person concerned in this appeal, and the person shall be notified of the time and place of such hearing.

The section further provides that each person whose claim for exemption is sustained shall be listed by the local board on a register of conscientious objectors.

Not everything has been written into the section that was desired by many church leaders, but it is a tremendous victory for a profound principle. In my opinion, every man within the ages prescribed should register. Every conscientious objector should then follow the law in claiming his exemption. He may count on the support of his church and the support of church leadership generally. The maximum defense of the United States cannot be achieved without the contribution of every man and every woman at the point where he may in good conscience render his maximum service. The Quaker and his kind, the conscientious objector, have their vital and imperative service to render. Certainly no insincere or unworthy person should escape the service of his country through this exemption cause.

What do you think of the statement made by twenty Union Theological Seminary men in which they denounce the universal service measure, state that they are conscientious objectors, and even will not register.

I THINK that they are greatly in error. Although I am not, and cannot be, a conscientious objector myself, I believe that the conscientious objector has a vital contribution to make to American unity, to the nation's defense, and to peace in the world. Always I shall support him in his rights. I am glad that the selective service law—and never before did this happen in our history—has recognized the status of the conscientious objector on religious grounds.

I may not question the moral integrity of the twenty young men who issued the statement referred to but, in my opinion, they were unwise, unreasonable and definitely a menace to their cause. Should they continue in this position they will make it increasingly difficult for their government and for their friends to help them and a multitude of others. They and all other conscientious objectors should follow the law, should register and state their objections.

I am glad that the faculty of their seminary has unanimously signed a statement in which the following appears: "In this selective service act, provision is made for conscientious objectors to avoid participation in military training, and an opportunity is afforded for such objectors to state their views. To refuse to register and supply the Government with factual information is to refuse what any government has the right to ask of its

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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OUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

tizens." In this same statement we ad: "When the elected representatives the nation enact a law which takes ccount of the rights of a minority, they nform to the traditions of democratic overnment."

Do you favor fingerprinting the whole opulation? Is this not a reflection on dividual personality?

FAVOR the fingerprinting of the whole population. It is not a reflection on dividual personality. I have already een fingerprinted in the Officers' Reerve. Also, soldiers and sailors are ngerprinted. All C.C.C. workers are ngerprinted, and postal saving banks e fingerprinting to identify depositors. any private banks and large corporaons have employes fingerprinted as a eans of protection; also defense indusies. A number of states register Boy couts and school children, Grand Jury embers, etc., with fingerprints. Among ose who voluntarily placed their prints file are the President and the Vicesident of the United States.

What are the facts that may be known you concerning changes that Nazi thorities have made in the Scriptures?

HE Nazified New Testament is published under the title, "The Message God." It is a greatly condensed verion of the New Testament, including ly Matthew, Mark and Luke, and lls the story of Christ as though His e occurred in Nazi Germany. There no reference to Christ's Jewish origin. he editors state that they are attempting to cleanse the Gospel's Judaeohristian tradition, that "they seek to for this time what Luther did for s." All allusions to Christ's divine igin are suppressed. The period before is arrest and crucifixion is called "His ampf," and is followed by "His Vicry." At the Last Supper, Christ offers is blood not for the redemption of an but "to erect a Reich for many."

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blished monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . nlel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; easurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

How to keep your money from vanishing into thin air

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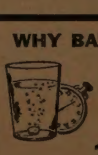

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NEWS DIGEST of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

THE ELECTION: The people have poken, and our precedent-breaking Chief Executive has broken another. He now ecomes the first President in our history o be elected three times. Whatever our ersonal beliefs and preferences, it is up o all of us now to lay aside bitterness nd partisanship, and get behind the adinistration so that we shall present to a artorn world the united front to which ll parties have publicly professed al-giance. "Let's go!"

JERSEY CITY: As Lincoln Steffens nce remarked, there is nothing local bout corruption; it would be harder now o put your finger down on the most orrupt city in the United States than was when he wrote his famous "Muckaking The Cities."

Lacking the evidence to call it outright orrupt (there are still libel laws!) we ould nominate Jersey City as the most *enviable* city in the country, politically peaking. "Jersey" has been for years n the hands of Boss Frank Hague, who as put in our political dictionary a new ord, "Hagueism," which is a synonym or shady politics. Maker of governors nd senators and perhaps even of Presients, Mr. Hague has become a millionire in a town that is perhaps the shabiest accumulation of old, dirty, derepit buildings in America. Up to now, e has defied even the United States enate to do anything about it.

But rumor has it that even The Boss f Jersey is near the end of his rope. oting machines will be in use in his city y next election time; the "burning of ie books" of a month ago and the staoning of a Jersey City cop over the ooks of the election that put Governor Ioore in office a year ago, have robbed im of the patronage and loyalty of any of his old-line supporters.

Enough is enough. Look for a gradual alling of the Hague star next year. Had ie national election gone against the)emocrats, it might have fallen even arlier than that.

GOSPEL MOTORIZED: The chaplains f the United States Army are to be notorized—so they may keep up, we suppose, with those new "mechanized units" we've been reading about. Chaplains of each Army division will operate a one-and-one-half-ton truck-and-trailer equipped with a public address system, portable altar, pulpit, organ, field desk, typewriter, communion kits, Bibles, hymn-books, etc.

A new liaison officer—Dr. Paul Dwight Moody, son of the great Dwight L.—has been appointed by the Federal Council to work for cooperation between Protestant and Roman Catholic churches and chaplains. The Council also reports openings for some 400 non-Reserve soldier-ministers; the Catholics are appealing for 275 new soldier-priests.

Also Colonel John J. Allan, who served as Chaplain in the World War and was awarded the Croix de Guerre, has now been called by the Government to occupy an important post in Washington in the Chaplain organization for the new troops that are being trained. The Colonel has been given a temporary leave of absence by the Commissioner. It means a great sacrifice for the Army to contribute the Colonel's service to the defense forces of the country at this time, especially in view of the plans for war work on foot by The Salvation Army.

TURNPIKE: There are scholars who tell us that the lack of roads has kept the people of China isolated and unprogressive and laggard in the march of world progress; and other scholars have told us that it is the quick building of a network of highways across the great open spaces of America that has made the United States the great nation it is. It may be true; China and the U. S. are huge countries, and roads play a tremendous part in creating a national unity.

Even at that, U. S. roads have not kept pace with U. S. automobiles; hills, sharp turns, bottlenecks, crossroads cut down speed and make traffic a problem. Now the motorist can cry "Eureka" if he's driving between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, for here is a brand new 160 miles of modern highway with no curves worth mentioning, almost as straight as the proverbial string.

It is the longest straight, uniformly-planned road in the country; you can take all of it at ninety miles an hour. Steepest grade is three per cent! There are four lanes, no signboards to hide the view, and it cost Pennsylvania not one red penny. PWA put in $29,250,000 and RFC gave $40,800,000 more. There may be politics in that, but the drivers will never think of it, with the speedometer reading ninety.

DIES SPIES: The tireless Mr. Dies, head of that committee investigating un-American activities, has fastened his talons in some higher-ups; that gives pause and perhaps pain to Mr. Secretary Hull, who is anxious not to break the already overtight cord of diplomatic relations with Germany.

Latest suspect of the Dies Committee is Friedhelm Drager, German Vice Consul in New York, who is accused of being head of a huge Nazi propaganda and espionage organization working here. Fled from the country is another notable: Dr. Frederich E. Auhagen, Columbia U. prof, who has "squealed" on Drager. Dies says he has only begun to name them.

That may or may not be true, but if it is it runs true to the old German technique. Many of us can still remember that a German ambassador (von Bernstorf) was dismissed from Washington in wild days just before 1917.

Mr. Hull has turned the Dies information over to the G-men. That's where it belongs.

NEW DRAFT: By 1943, the United States will have a big Navy: 925 ships of all types and 15,000 aeroplanes. That will be the two-ocean fleet we have been talking about, but the picture still remains not too good. It's all right to build ships, but you must man them.

Such a fleet will take a quota of 460,000 men and 33,500 officers; today we have about one-third of that strength—172,000 men—and voluntary enlistments are just not producing the rest. Hence it is that officers of the Navy are beginning to clamor for yet another conscription bill to fill the gap.

She Still Can Break Through

The gap must be filled; look for that second draft bill, sooner or later.

STATEHOOD? On November 5th (too early for us to report in this issue of the *Herald*) the people of Hawaii voted on the question, "Do you favor statehood for Hawaii?" If they voted "no" we can forget the question for awhile; if "yes," then we go to work on the business of getting an act through Congress to admit them as the forty-ninth state. And Congress is as unpredictable as the ocean breezes that fan Honolulu.

There are two good reasons for making Hawaii a state, to this writer's mind. One is that the islands offer us one of the four strongest naval bases in the world. Pearl Harbor could shelter, protect and recondition the whole U. S. Navy at one time. It would not only be hazardous for any enemy to attack Hawaii with our fleet in there, but the enemy would never risk an attack on the west coast of the U. S. mainland with those ships lying directly in their path.

The other reason is that this Hawaii is the most beautiful place God ever made. We say it advisedly, having seen Bali and the Riviera. The Creator made this land first, the rest of the world out of what He had left over.

Furthermore, with land being snatched off like pins off a bowling alley in this day of dictatorships, is it just possible that some other country might want Hawaii?

Later: As we go to press word comes that Hawaii voted emphatically for statehood.

FEED EUROPE: Famine will stalk Europe this winter; there is no way out of that—unless the U. S. takes on the role of provider. Mr. Herbert Hoover wants us to do just that; so does Mr. Clarence Pickett, of the American Friends' Service Committee. But, inasmuch as there is still free speech in this democracy, there are those who oppose the feeding. To send food to any part of Europe, they say, would be to send it straight to Germany.

Fifteen prominent clergymen, educators, and labor leaders have come out almost violently against Mr. Hoover's idea; they claim that we can never again trust a Hitler who has broken his word on schedule, a hundred times. Mr. Pickett replies that enforced hunger can never be a permanent instrument of peace. This is a major national debate, with the nation "on the spot." We have to choose here between deliberately causing an agony of empty stomachs or encouraging an agony of soul on the part of millions who are losing freedom and the right to live decently, which may be a harder way to die than by starvation.

Germany itself, we believe, could distribute her foodstuffs in a manner which would prevent wholesale famine, at least through this coming winter. But will Germany do that? Only of one thing can we be certain: the Nazis will blame us, whatever we do!

ABROAD

R. A. F.: More and more the daily press carries the headline: "R.A.F. Raids Berlin, Hamburg, Ruhr" etc., etc. Fewer and fewer are the German planes over London. There's a reason.

Or reasons. One is that there is a new commander directing the R.A.F.: an offensive fighter, replacing a defensive one. It may be that his appointment has come out of the persistent demand fo retaliation on the part of civilian Lon don; it may also be that the militar itself recognizes the old axiom that at tack is the best defense. At any rate R.A.F. flies in constantly enlarging cir cles over more and more German terri tory.

Another reason is that the German are concentrating their bomber fleet elsewhere. The attempt to bomb th tight little isle has fallen flat; the Britis just aren't scared, and they are not quit ting. So—the war, we think, will mov East for the winter. That is an ol strategy on the part of England's foe Napoleon tried it when he failed to cros the aggravating Channel. The Kaise tried it, to meet Allenby and defeat i Palestine. Is Hitler smarter than th Corsican and the Kaiser? Time will tel

The defeat of the Germans at th Channel is due to two things: Britis stubbornness and the British ability t discover new means of defense in emer gencies. When the Germans first threat ened Dover, British engineers worke frantically to throw up defenses—de fenses that were pitifully weak. Th Germans promptly blew them out of th ground; every time, the Britons repaire them, deceiving the Nazis into thinkin that they were still putting their trus in those weak battlements—and mean while building new, stronger lines of de fense so cleverly camouflaged that th Nazis couldn't even see them from th air. Now, completed, Hitler hesitates t waste his men assaulting them.

Therein lies a great British hope. Th Germans fight well so long as things g according to their plans; when an un usual situation arises, when somethin happens to upset the well-laid plan, the are not so good. But the British hav always had an uncanny knack of "mak ing the best of the breaks"—of doing th unexpected thing in an emergency Thinking fast in the pinches, they hav always won.

COSTS: Money, wheat and oil wil win the war; not bullets. How are money wheat and oil holding out, for both sides

Berlin admits that the war is costin Germany sixty million dollars a day; tha is about twice as much as it is costin Britain. If Germany maintains the of fensive in an even more costly pus through the Balkans into Egypt and th Near East, she will be paying twice a much—with her credit abroad alread exhausted.

The Londoner is still eating well; ex treme rationing has not yet crossed Lon don Bridge. But look at this: in con quered France, civilians have been cu to twelve ounces of meat a week, tw ounces of cheese a day, twelve ounces o bread per day, seventeen ounces of suga a month, three ounces of rice per month All other food has been taken out—t Germany!

Back in London the National Execu

ve Committee of Mine Workers Fed-ration announces a general pay *raise* f ten cents per day for adults, five nts for boys. There are no reports of rastic pay cuts anywhere in England. Who's hungry here? Who is pulling in ie money-belt? Who will crack first, the bitter winter ahead? Add to this ie news item reporting that the chil-ren are being evacuated from Berlin, nd you understand that Germany may ave been hurt more than she admits; dd, too, the item of the Nazis' desper-te push into Rumania, close to trouble ith the Russians, and you know how uch Germany needs oil.

MEDITERRANEAN: Every now and nen Mussolini screams to the wondering orld that Italy has overcome the Royal Tavy in "Our Sea;" then a day or so ter, comes the disheartening news that ome lone British ship like the *Ajax* has et two, three, four or more Italian ips in the open sea and sent them ampering for shelter under the shore uns. Last month *Ajax* sank three Ital-ns without support of the rest of the ritish fleet. One newspaper vendor in ondon keeps a day-by-day record of The boat race in the Mediterranean." o far, Italy is running faster than the ritish.

Losing at sea, the Italians have started verland—and the march has been alled. Marshall Graziani fumes fifty-ve miles inside the Egyptian border of ie desert. The main reason why he oes not go marching blithely on is the ritish Navy.

We predicted last month that Graziani ould have the time of his young life rotecting his communications. That rediction is being borne out hour by our. With his bases under almost con-tant shell-fire from British warships, ith the harbors where he might land ipporting troops under British guns, is movement of his from Libya to the uez Canal is a ten to one gamble be-veen life and death—with the odds on eath. He can never hope to march a zeable column, for the minute the ritish sail toward Malta, no Italian onvoy dares move from Naples to aid ibya.

Now Hitler moves to help the lagging talians in the Near East. He shakes the word toward Greece, Turkey, and Syria. But the British have done more than hake the sword; they have bombed the Dodecanese Islands at will; they have ig bases at Cyprus and Haifa; they are ven stronger around the Turkish and yrian coasts than they are around ibya. Until Adolf Hitler gets a big erman Navy in Near Eastern waters, e is helpless.

It is idle for the Axis to cluster toward he East so long as Britain rules the seas.

SPAIN: Hitler's conversations with ranco mean just one thing: Der Füehrer would like Franco to assault Gibraltar. German troops, "packed like horses and standing up in trucks," are moving into Spain to bolster the fighting spirit of a people worn out with fighting and starving to death (they have only corn bread left now in Madrid, as hard as stone). But poor Spain will need more than that to give her the stomach for another war.

It all reminds us of a boy we knew in school; he loved to get behind some little fellow and egg him on to a fight with a boy he feared to fight himself. Franco take Gibraltar? He has as much chance of that as we have of flying to the moon. But he has a nuisance value, for Hitler, and as such he will be used to the limit.

JAPAN: Speaking of nuisance values, there is Japan. Those whose faint hearts skipped a beat at the news of the new Rome-Berlin-Tokyo agreement, might study the whole picture closely—and discover that the Nipponese have to Hitler now exactly the same value the Italians had before Mussolini declared war on France: a nuisance value, and no more.

The Japanese Junkers may rattle the scabbard, but none of them want war with America or England, at least for some time to come. Japan still has a few little matters to clear up in China; against the most pacific nation in the world, the Nipponese have met a ghastly stalemate. They have no idea of risking their precious fleet in defense of either Germany or Italy, and already, with the ink hardly dry on the new "agreement," the Japanese statesmen are speaking, sub rosa, of "escape clauses" whereby they may desert Rome and Berlin without the loss of too much face.

The Burma Road is groaning under truck caravans again. In spite of Japanese threats to bomb the famous road from Mandalay to Kunming out of existence, the men of Chiang Kai-shek are already receiving their long-overdue supplies. They are mostly U. S. trucks; these are U. S. goods, U. S. gasoline, helped through by U. S. advisers working from Chungking. And some of it, of course, is British and Russian. Stung by the opening of the road in the face of threats from Tokyo, *Hochi*, a Japanese newspaper, cries: "With the reopening of the Burma Road, Britain and the United States are on their way to crucifixion."

But at the same time, Japanese were anxiously asking Ambassador Grew why the United States was advising all Americans to leave the East. They couldn't understand that—and it worried them.

There's a glint of humor, now and then, even in this world at war. Wags along Broadway this month were telling their gullible friends that they could get free tickets to the opening-night of a new show, *Burma Road*, by calling a certain telephone number. When the number was called, it turned out to be the number of the Japanese Consulate!

FRANCE: The Jewish problem has never kept Frenchmen awake; there are probably fewer than three hundred thousand Hebrews in the country, and until the coming of Hitler they have not been bothered. Liberty, equality and fraternity applied to them as well as to anyone else. Today it's different. We can hardly believe it is France speaking in the new anti-Jew laws; we never thought poor old Marshal Petain capable of it, yet here it is:

The new laws bar Jews from major public jobs, from positions in Army, Navy and Air Force, from teaching in the schools, from press, radio and the cinema. A Jew may become a lawyer but not a judge. As we go to press, two famous French Jews are on trial at Riom for "war guilt:" Leon Blum, and Georges Mandel.

Will Blum and Mandel become scapegoats—at the hands of the Jew-baiters ruling from behind the scenes in Vichy? Probably. But the thing can't last, in a country like France. You can still read those three words—liberté, egalité, fraternité—on the walls of Paris and Marseilles.

CHURCH NEWS

EPISCOPALIANS: Laymen and preachers—at least Episcopalian laymen and preachers—are more conservative than the bishops. That was settled by two actions at the Church's Triennial General Convention at Kansas City.

The old question of the Episcopal stand on marriage and divorce, which we predicted would figure prominently in the Convention proceedings, raised a long discussion. The House of Bishops suggested a change in the laws of the Church, which would give divorced communicants the blessing of the Church even though they could not be remarried by an Episcopal rector. The House of Deputies turned thumbs down on that, deciding to keep the old regulations for at least another year.

The House of Deputies also refused to go along with the Bishops in a proposal to ask Episcopalians living in areas where there is no Episcopal Church to attend a Presbyterian Church; the Deputies said that was an attempt to dictate to the laity, and that there was not yet enough unity on the subject of merging with the Presbyterians.

Other actions included the adoption of an official church flag (a red cross on a white background), selection of the National Cathedral at Washington as the official see and seat of the presiding Bishop, appointment of committees to study religious services for men in military camps and international problems, the joining of the Church with the Federal Council and with the World Council of Churches, the adoption of a new hymnal.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

The Chairman of the Committee is here shown marking the 119th radio station in forty-one states, Alaska, Puerto Rico and the Philippines to cooperate in broadcasting the "Go to Church" message of the National Committee for Religious Recovery. "Better than eight million people are getting this 'go-to-church-and-support-your-church' message burned into their minds and hearts," states Mr. Fairchild, "though the job has not been an easy one"

OBJECTORS: The now-famous case of the eight boys at Union Theological Seminary seems likely to be forgotten until the war is over. Objectors usually suffer that fate, along with the rest of their sufferings. But there is something important here that will not be forgotten.

Not many in the Church or outside it agree with the eight young men; it appears to most of us that they are not considering the whole question when they offer themselves for martyrdom. As one British Quaker put it recently (and the Quakers have been the most consistent of all our war-resisters): "We still loathe war, but the alternative to beating back Hitlerism is too horrible to contemplate." War is sin, and no man can reconcile it with Jesus and the New Testament, even though he may prove a case for it out of the Old Testament. But the philosophy and tactics of Nazism are also sin, in the first degree. We are forced to choose between two evils here: fighting, or surrendering the world to an anti-Christian order.

Yet, no matter what we think of the eight from Union, this must be granted them: they have a high order of courage. We see no empty heroics in this; with all America against them, they are not playing to the grandstand. They have become prisoners, but they must have a peace of conscience that will let them sleep even in a cell. Much courage has gone from them even to the other objectors who advised them to register.

LUTHERANS: The national convention of the United Lutheran Convention, recently concluded at Omaha, demonstrated again that Lutherans move slowly on great issues. It approved a declaration of unity with the American Lutheran Church, but there were two strings attached to it: the delegates opposed exchange of pulpit courtesies with clergymen of other denominations, and membership in social organizations apart from the Church whose principles are not considered Christian in character. A third point—the infallibility of the Scriptures—also caused differences to arise that have not yet been adjusted—and probably will not, be, for some time to come.

But it was over the war question that the real trouble arose. The convention went flatly on record as upholding the right to bear arms: "We hold that a justifiable war may not only be possible, but that the Christian citizen is in duty bound to bear arms and offer his life, if need be, in defense of his country." The convention also provided that Lutheran conscientious objectors might file with their pastors and synod presidents a written statement of their position, but not much aid was offered the objector, beyond that.

The action has raised a storm of criticism both within and without the Lutheran church. Nine Lutheran clergymen denounced it in Harrisburg, Pa. Said Rev. Alton M. Motter: "I learn with a shock that my church. . . . holds with Caesar in this crisis, and will stand by the Augsburg Confession instead of the Sermon on the Mount."

These are critical times—and such a statement as this is a spark to the powder barrel.

Meeting in Detroit, the American Lutheran Church rejected the United Church's proposal for immediate fellowship, voted to continue negotiations.

UNCHURCHED: Those who have traveled in the South have been impressed by the church-going habits of those who dwell in Dixie. This writer, more than once, has spent Sunday in Southern towns and cities, gone to church at five minutes to eleven and found standing-room only. That's the way it looks to the naked tourist eye.

But actually, the picture may not be so bright down there. In a survey just taken in North Carolina, 45,000 young people from eight respective counties, aged sixteen to twenty-five, were questioned regarding their religious, social, economic, physical and recreational surroundings. It was discovered that one-third of their male youths (32.7 per cent of the whites and 32.6 per cent of the Negroes) were not church members; an even larger percentage did not even attend church.

The survey was made under the leadership of the NYA and WPA, and it is food for thought if not cause for alarm. Is it true that "old folks run the Church?" The results of this survey are held to be representative of the South as a whole, as well as Carolina. Is that true of the East and West, too? A nation-wide survey of youth, under disinterested auspices, would be illuminating. Why not have it?

BIBLES: That last statement may also be applicable in modern Germany, where, according to a late dispatch, Bible circulation more than doubled in 1939. Nearly 300,000 copies were distributed in the Reich last year.

Of course, it is necessary to do something more than distribute Bibles. They must be opened and read—and lived! But the fact that the Bible is read as much as *Mein Kampf* is important news, just the same. (Did Mr. Hitler burn Bibles when he held the great "Burning The Books Festival" some years ago? And does he forget that faith is a flame hotter than the one he created?)

BAPTISTS: The Baptists (Northern) are enlisting in a movement known as Baptist Church School Advance for "bigger and better Christian Education." Sponsored by the American Baptist Publication Society, and calling for a ten per cent increase in enrollment and attendance for the next ten years, it has enlisted three thousand Northern Baptist Churches. Successful, it would increase church school attendance by at least 200,000.

Effects of "Advance" are already being felt in other denominations. A Baptist layman in Danielson, Conn., inspired by the idea, staged a community Rally Day which featured a parade and which included nine Protestant churches. Some fifteen hundred people took part in the program.

There is nothing exclusively Baptist about this. Any church can use it; all churches should.

HOME ALTARS: A Home Altar movement is getting under way from Philadelphia. Supported by an Episcopal bishop, Baptist Dr. Poling, Dr. Harold Nichols (Methodist) and President Corson of Dickinson College, the movement plans to organize a non-profit concern for the manufacture of altars suitable for children, youth and adults, to be set up at home. They may be sold by retired ministers.

TEMPERANCE

BOOTLEG: Nineteen bootleggers have just been sentenced to jail in New York (Yes, in 1940!). Six others have had sentence deferred, and there are twenty more yet to be tried!

It is one of the biggest bootleg rings in the history of the brewing business. Running a giant still within 200 yards of the Newburgh City Hall, it is said to have defrauded the U. S. government of fifteen *million* dollars between 1932 and 1937.

Repeal was certainly a boon (?) to Uncle Sam. Think of all that tax money, pouring into the treasury; and just think of how fine it is to be without any of those Prohibition-era bootleggers. (?)

DOWN SOUTH: From Birmingham, (Ala.) comes a letter from a reader of this column, calling our attention to a statement by Judge Emmett Perry of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court of Jefferson County. The statement reads:

"During the year 1939, the Juvenile Division of this Court dealt with 1683 delinquent, neglected and dependent children. It would be difficult to find a case of wilful neglect on the part of a parent wherein the parent was not an excessive user of alcoholic liquors. Delinquent 'teen-age' white girls are almost invariably brought to this court from beer joints and honky-tonks, or from homes in the immediate vicinity of such places."

Such a statement needs no elaboration from us.

BOOZE IN THE CAMPS: Several spontaneous and unconnected movements are being made in different areas of the country to keep the threat of alcohol from the new military camps now being set up for the draftees. In Nashville, a campaign has been started under Methodist auspices. Dr. C. O. Ransford, of the *Christian Advocate*, is leading it; he plans to submit resolutions to several forthcoming Methodist conferences petitioning President Roosevelt, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy to forbid alcoholic drinks in training camps.

The Hudson River Baptist Association, North, is protesting a recent announcement by the New York State Division of Alcoholic Beverage Control, stating that no license would be required for the sale of alcoholic beverages at Army cantonments. And Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, state president of the New York WCTU, is appealing for total prohibition of liquor sales to all members of the armed forces. She warns that the military collapse of France has been blamed partially on drink. Sale of booze to the soldiers, she feels, "is unpatriotic. It *must* be prevented."

WIRES WITHOUT BARBS

THESE wires are known in Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, and Buenos Aires. The messages they speak cross mountains and ocean and jungle to reach rubber planters on the upper Amazon and ranchers on the pampas of Argentina. Because of these messages, citizens of more than a dozen republics to the south know the United States better—how we live, what we think, how we feel. And from this better understanding comes the friendship on which the safety of the American hemisphere must depend.

For more than 15 years Schenectady's international broadcasting stations WGEA and WGEO have been interpreting the life and culture of these United States to the people of our sister American republics. In 1939 they were joined by KGEI, a new G-E station in San Francisco. Day and night, in many languages, these three stations present free, uncensored news, entertainment, education. They act as ambassadors for peace in a world torn by war, as pioneers in the cause of hemisphere solidarity.

General Electric scientists and engineers for more than 25 years have played a leading part in the development of radio. Today, through the G-E international broadcasting stations, they are making important contributions to the defense program of the Americas.

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Out of the Glory

Out of the glory which he shared with the Father
Before the world was, the Christ came down,
Heralded by white wings, and the molten silver
Of a star that burned like a flame above a town.
Out of the glory—always an inner brightness
Circled him there along the earthly ways.
It lit men's path, that pre-creation splendor
From which God shaped the seas, the nights and days.

Because of a hurt world's need the Father sent him;
Because of his love for man he bade him go
Out of the glory . . . . surely his heart was lonely
For the Son who had shared the radiance, the glow
Of unshaped stars and moons in their molten masses;
For the comradeship of One by his side so white
That all of the bright eternal ways were darkened
When he came to bring mankind a deathless light.

By Charles Hanson Towne

December 1940

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

This— must we keep

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers this fine article by Mrs. Fisher, her first as a regular contributor to Christian Herald

"Every little boy or gal
Who's born into this world alive
Is either a little LibeRAL
Or else a little ConservaTIVE."

SO RUNS the old rhyme we all have heard laughingly quoted. Like any saying which survives long enough to become old, it is still quoted for a simple reason—because it is true. If you doubt it, observe how people act in an attic to be cleaned, or before a closet to be "cleared out." Two points of view always divide the field of action—"It's old—nobody'll ever use it again. Let's get rid of it!" and, "Now wait, that may come in handy. Let's keep it." The division line is not, as traditionally supposed, drawn between the older and the younger generation. It is a temperamental matter. When a mother and daughter clean the attic, it is as apt to be one as the other who with a "let's keep it," tucks the grandmother's lace scarf back into the trunk under the eaves, or who, tired of sorting out, dumps an armful from a chest into the waste basket. So universal are these two contrasting instincts, and so wide and deep are their consequences in human lives, that we would do well to pay more attention to them, to ask ourselves in every situation where we are called upon to make a decision whether they are not playing a larger part than our brains. Like water running down hill they are capable of great usefulness and enormous destructiveness. Like water obeying the law of gravity they need directing.

Yet once in a while these primal instincts to keep or to throw away, are no

more than harmlessly amusing and odd. Consider the three buttons sewed on the outside seam of the coat sleeve of every man in our modern world, each one with its imitation buttonhole opposite it. Neither he nor his tailor nor his wife have the slightest idea why they are there; yet he would not accept a coat nor would his tailor sell him a coat with buttonless sleeves; and his wife considers it one of her duties to keep all three buttons sewed on firmly. Here is the strangest little folkway so firmly entrenched in our lives as to be invisible because we take it so for granted. Without, you will notice, the slightest basis in beauty or usefulness. It is a curious and thought-provoking fact that a custom without any sense at all should persist, generation after generation. Here is an example of what the conservative instinct can do, when left to itself—perpetuate something which was useful in the past, which has utterly lost any usefulness for the present.

For the usefulness of those buttons disappeared with the last lace ruffles worn by men, and that's a long time ago. They and real buttonholes were put on men's coats at the time when gentlemen wore white ruffles at the wrists. To avoid rumpling them, the sleeves of the coats were cut open by a slash wide enough to let the ruffles pass without ruining their freshness. Then, when the ruffles were in place, the lower part of the sleeve was closed snugly by buttoning the buttons into the carefully worked holes.

Now all this is not just an oddity. It casts a light on human conduct which shows us a good deal about ourselves. I propose as a subject of serious thought that every one with any desire at all to run his life intelligently, make a calculation, pencil in hand, as to how many tons of useless and by no means ornamental buttons have in the last hundred years been manufactured, paid for by tailors, sewed on sleeves, paid for by men, and accepted as a wifely trust by women. Add to those tons of perfectly useless tools (for what is a button but a tool?) the other tons manufactured, bought, sewed and everlastingly resewed on the back of the coats of dress suits (these buttons were used to hold up the swordbelt more than a century ago when gentlemen wore elegant swords in the evening). If the sum total of tons plus thread, needles and labor doesn't make you thoughtful—you are incapable of taking independent thought about the conduct of life.

I recall those absurdly meaningless buttons to your attention as priceless laboratory-tested evidence of the enormous power of the "let's keep it" instinct in human nature, when not controlled by constant revisions of judgments and opinions. Every sight of those buttons should send our thoughts inward to consider whether some of the institutions, ideas and convictions to which we cling

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BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD—A CEREMONY SO OLD THAT ITS ORIGIN IS FORGOTTEN

© Culver Service

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG—ANOTHER ANCIENT ENGLISH CUSTOM

may not belong in the category of the buttons, kept on long, long after any need for them has vanished. And some of them may be dangerous, as well as foolish. Foolish was the eighteenth century idea, now so sloughed-off as to be entirely forgotten, that because men often drank coffee in public taverns or coffee-houses, it was somehow indecorous and immodest for decently brought up girls ever to drink coffee anywhere, even in their own homes. Families of that period were almost wrecked by controversy on this point.

But some of the survivals from the past, unquestioned by us now, are far worse than foolish. They are cruel, harmful to us who cling to them, and to the people injured by them. We don't hold on to them because we love them, or really value them, but just because they have existed so long we genuinely forget that they might be different.

I'll give you an instance of this: the

A recent photograph of Dorothy Canfield Fisher at her Vermont home

seldom or never discussed social castelines drawn in our democratic country between people who earn their living by doing something with their hands, and those who don't. That line has become in many cases as idiotically without basis as the buttons for those non-existent ruffles. In the past when most work had to be done by main strength, those who worked with their hands could not be so clean as others, and because labor was very poorly paid, they could not afford to give their children as good an education as doctors or lawyers could. As a class they really were very different from the professional class, wearing different clothes, reading little for lack of books. But now, when highly skilled machinists are better paid than clergymen, when their work consists of moving a few levers *and using their heads*, when all their children can, and most of them do, go to High School, when the public library gives them the same books as the merchant's family, when they can, and do, own an automobile, and have exactly the same table manners as anybody—are you protesting, "Oh, but here in America we *don't* draw such castelines?" I can only answer, "Yes, we do, too." We practice social class distinction as unthinkingly, almost as innocently as we re-sew those sleeve buttons on, never questioning it, almost unaware of its existence. But it is there—yes, in your town or city, unless it is a very unusual one. It does not, I *think* I am safe in saying, exist in my own small Vermont town, because there are so few of us, none can be spared. But I run across it in large places, always with a jolt.

Not long ago the head of a very fine large factory which makes tools of precision, was telling me with sincerely generous satisfaction how highly paid the workers were, and justly, because the skill required of them required three years of study and practice. He spoke with friendly American pride of the first-rate school for young applicants for jobs which trained their minds and hands to extraordinary accuracy. He told me of some of the large yearly salaries (he used the word "wages") which they earned: "as much as the Principal of our High School!" he exclaimed. "As much as most of the families on our street.

I asked, not ironically, not at all to disconcert him, but just because I honestly wanted to know, "Do any of those families live on your street?"

He stared, surprised. "No, I don't think so."

"Do their wives belong to your wife's Club?"

"No, oh no."

"Would any Woman's Club in town accept as member the wife of a man who was paid wages, even large wages, not a salary, even a small one? Would your Men's Club accept a wage-earner as member?"

The disarray in his honest American face was exactly like that of the average American man to whom you put the question, "Why do you have those buttons on the sleeve of your coat?" and who has honestly never thought before that they came down from a past where they were needed into a future where they are just a bother. To exclude modern wage-earners who with their wives are High School graduates, many of them, from social equality with people whose hands are dirtied only by ink, is just as preposterous a following of the past instead of the present—and vastly more harmful to the American ideal.

He was evidently too startled to argue with, or I would have reminded him that in England till quite recently, the medical man who performed operations was the social inferior of the medical man in the silk hat who never did more with his hands than to write a prescription. Surgeons, now so honored, admired and highly paid, were, because they used their hands as well as their heads, not allowed in those days to use the title of Doctor, so limpet-like was the suction-grip on human minds of an old idea which had quite lost any relation to reality.

This example of my industrialist is of a very bad kind of conservatism, one of the worst because it complicates, clouds, and envenoms human life for innumerable of our fellowmen and women.

Are the conservatives, who are reading this, perhaps asking themselves if I am not going to give a balancing example or two of harm and waste done by the radicals, those whose instinct is to cry out about anything from the past, "Oh, let's throw it away!" It would be hard to know which one to choose out of the many examples of harm done by the throwing-away instinct. They are thick around us everywhere. Consider—and wring your hands—the occasional periods when the style of women's clothes, hair and shoes was becoming, sensible, comfortable, healthful and attractive. Did those styles last? They did not. The decree of the restless desire for something new just because it is new, brought suffering, impaired health, lessened vigor, and the everlasting bother of—well, of high heels, and tight corsets, of elaborately dressed hair, of long, dirty, trailing skirts, and of skirts so short that grandmothers were shocking figures-of-fun; nobody needs to be reminded of more of those painful details. Turn from women's clothes to the beautiful proportions, shapely comeliness, simple lines of houses and cottages of the Colonial style, and remember how in the 1840's and 50's and 60's the cry of "It's old, let's throw it away" put ugly darkening porches, and gingerbread jig-saw arabesques under the dignified old eaves, and Victorian bow-windows with scalloped shingles bulging like tumors, and foolish unusable and unused cupolas spoiling the lines of their noble old rooftrees.

Do you think I am out to prove that neither the "little liber*al*" nor the "little conservat*ive*" ever does anything that's useful to us? Of course not. What's always brought to my mind by the sight of those buttons, or by bow-windows and scalloped shingles, is the startling power over our lives of those two instincts, and hence the urgent need to keep an eye on them. It's only when the conservative doggedly holds on to everything coming to us from the past, without regard to its present use or beauty, that conservatism is a blight on human life. It's only when the radical wants to empty the baby out with the bath, to throw away everything in the attic, even the fine antique furniture, that radicalism is dangerous. What needs to be done, as we hold up each old object, institution, standard, ideal, from the past is to ask ourselves, "Will it help men and women of today to live more intelligently, more generously, more worthily?" If that question is honestly asked and honestly answered, we will be spared the usual spectacle of conservatism hugging to its breast all that has come down from the past, and radicalism trying to throw into the fire all of that inheritance.

As a matter of fact, what started me off on this meditation was an overwhelming feeling of gratitude and admiration for one exquisite element in our human life which has been sacredly preserved for us by the conservative instinct *at its best*—the ancient feast of joy and hope at the darkest period of each year. It was celebrated by man as long ago as we have the slightest traces of human life; we celebrate it anew, every year, deeply moved by a beautiful symbol of a magnificent truth which we inherit from all our ancestors. We show our

(Continued on page 52)

Gifts for the Christ Child

Illustrator JAMES YUILL

BEHOLD there came wise men from the E
. . . and they presented unto Him gifts; g
and frankincense and myrrh.

Imagination swiftly reconstructs the scene
Wise Men beheld, that most momentous night
human history. There is a breathless tensity in
air, as if Nature sensed that at last He had co
whom the sad world had awaited for a thous
years. Suddenly there blazes in the heavens
brightest Star of all—so bright that it illumines e
the dark gorge of the Jordan and the hills of Gil
beyond; and following the Star, from the direc
of Jerusalem, presently there come three men
ing—three elderly men, in robes of red and g
mounted on white camels.

Story

GUIDED by the Star they enter Bethlehem to worship a King—and find a little Jewish baby, cradled in a feed trough in a manger, among the asses and the kine. Yet, showing no surprise—for are they not indeed *Wise* Men, possessors of all secret knowledge?—they kneel before the infant Jesus and present to Him such gifts as the Queen of Sheba had brought to royal Solomon.

For gold and frankincense and myrrh were royal gifts, in those days. Of all the fragrant spices, the ancients most highly valued these two—frankincense, the precious Olibanum, the incense of a thousand rituals; and myrrh, with which the costliest burial ointment was made. So it was most fitting that the Three should bring these to the new-born King.

BUT those priceless things may have meant more than merely presents. Thus the gold, precious material of crowns, could symbolize His kingship—for shall He not reign forever and forever? And they may have seen in the costly frankincense a symbol of the adoration He should receive throughout the ages to come from millions yet unborn. And it may be that their wise old eyes could see a shadow upon the stable floor not visible to the others' eyes—the faint shadow of a Cross. For the myrrh they had brought was the symbol of death—that death upon the Cross which He must surely suffer, but from which He would as surely rise triumphant.

So they presented unto Him gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh.

ALBERT LINN LAWSON

He knew by her general appearance that she could afford the engine if she liked it. And she would like it!

Renunciation

Illustrations by SETTERBERG

JABEZ FLINT—dubbed "Skin" Flint by his fellow townsmen—proprietor of Ashford's only "department" store, eyed the large packing case which had just been delivered. Then his eyes sought his twelve-year-old assistant, jack of all odd jobs, Tommy Adams.

"Get busy now," Flint growled at the pale slender youth. "Get busy and open this box. In it are fine toys for our Christmas trade. Something special I bought this year. Get 'em in the show window quick, now."

Without comment, Tommy moved toward the big crate, reaching for a hatchet and crowbar as he left his post behind one of the counters. There was no need for Tommy to roll up his sleeves. His hands extended from a shirt much too small for him, but his clothes were clean and neat and carefully mended. His large blue eyes lit up his worried and perpetually hungry face as he contemplated the treasures about to be uncovered.

The cover yielded slowly, with much grating and screaming of nails, as Tommy pitted his entire strength against the heavy boards, using the hatchet as a lever. Flint watched the boy struggle with the case until he had uncovered a sea of excelsior, under which the treasures lay hidden in neat white-boxed rows. Tommy worked fiercely. He hungered for a peep inside the boxes which he carried to the counter where Mr. Flint, invoice in hand, was ready to open them and check the contents against his bill.

Tommy helped put price tags on rosy-cheeked dolls, blondes and brunettes. Some squeaked "ma-ma" in quivering monotones. Of these Tommy took little notice, except to wish one of them might go to his little sister Betty. There were gaily-colored rubber balls and dainty rattles that would delight the heart of baby May, and carts and miniature fire engines that would bring joy to boys like his younger brothers, Bobbie and Johnny. Tommy resolved to tell his mother about the new toys so she might select a few of the cheaper ones before the stock was "picked over." Poor as was Tommy's fatherless family, at least one toy apiece and some fruits and candies were always forthcoming each Christmas.

Tucked at the very bottom of the case, Tommy found a box larger and heavier than the others, which aroused his curiosity. He lifted the lid for a surreptitious peep while Flint's attention was attracted elsewhere. At the sight, an involuntary gasp escaped the boy. He replaced the cover hastily lest his employer scold him for "wasting time for which he was paying such fine wages." Well, four dollars a week *was* fine wages for Tommy. He did not know what his

By Adele Brossier Reese

mother would do without it, little though it might seem.

The object which had evoked Tommy's exclamation was a miniature electric engine, the like of which he had never seen before. Like a moth attracted to flame, the brilliant red and glistening nickel and brass held his fascinated gaze. Tommy could hardly wait to see the wheels in motion or test the efficiency of the levers. He pushed the box along the counter into the packages which Mr. Flint was unpacking and maneuvered it among the boxes so that it would be the next to be opened. Flint examined the engine critically.

"Gee, ain't it grand," Tommy shouted, unable to repress his admiration any longer.

"It should be," Flint grumbled, consulting his invoice. "It is the most expensive article in the case. Maybe I was foolish to get it. Maybe no one in this town can afford such a toy."

"How much will it cost?" Tommy asked excitedly.

"Three-fifty, it cost me," Flint offered. "The retail price will be five dollars."

Tommy sighed. Why was it, he pondered, that the things one dreamed of and longed for were always beyond one's reach? Then he had a happy thought. He could watch the engine work at any rate.

"May I start it going?" Tommy asked timidly, resting his forefinger lightly on the starting lever.

"What, and waste the battery! My, my, such a boy! Will you never learn to save?"

"But surely, Mr. Flint," Tommy persisted, "you'll want to see if the engine is in good working order?"

"Maybe," Mr. Flint grunted. "Start it, but only long enough to see how it works."

Tommy pushed the lever delightedly. Instantly, the mechanism became alive. Wheels whirred. Tiny belts spun on their bobbins. Two small bulbs glowed with lights, like diminutive beacons. Tommy had but a chance to see these wonders when Mr. Flint reached out and reversed the lever. All movement and lights went dead.

"This must be sold at once," Flint stated. "We must put it in the show window where it will be seen good."

Tommy watched the tall, spare figure of his employer saunter to the front of the store and put the precious engine beneath two crossed base ball bats right in the center of the entire display. He sighed again. Of course, the engine would be sold "at once." It would go out of his life as most pleasures had been snatched from him. Scalding tears burned in Tommy's eyes at the thought. He winked them away hurriedly, but he could hardly swallow the big lump that came up in his throat. He clenched his small fists, as a fierce desire was born within him: the desire to crush, to hurt all that stood in his way; poverty, duty, old Flint, all that kept him from having that beautiful engine. He was suffused with a mad hunger for possession.

So great was Tommy's sudden conviction that the engine must be his, he trembled with unaccountable excitement. How in the world he could get it, he had not the slightest idea. He knew only that in some way, somehow he would have it. No one was to own that engine but him!

As one awaking from a daze, he heard the rasping voice of his employer telling him to get busy and clean up the mess he had made. Mechanically, Tommy gathered heaps of excelsior into his arms, replacing the packing in the now empty crate. He swept the fragments scattered over the floor into a dust pan and then dragged the box out to the trash pile in back of the store. His muscles moved involuntarily, for his mind was busy with his own thoughts. His brain became a surging sea of ways and means and plans. A yearning possessed him—the intense yearning of a small boy for the thing on which he has his heart set.

From that hour, this fever of longing took hold of Tommy's whole being, obsessed him waking, sleeping. His days became alike, mere periods of desire. At night the gleam of nickel and flash of brass—a little red engine in motion—wove the very texture of his dreams.

But from the chaos of yearning, hope, trepidation, one fact stood out in bold relief—the price of the treasure. *Five dollars!* There remained but five weeks until Christmas. One dollar every week would do it. Tommy turned this over in his mind until "one dollar a week; one dollar a week" became a refrain, an accompaniment to the rhythm in which he performed his routine tasks. He timed his broom to the measure. It rang in his ears with the whir of the cash register. It became the very beating of his heart. Even his footsteps kept time to the words, "Five dollars, five dollars; one a week, one a week."

All of a sudden in a blinding flash, the great idea came to Tommy. He could earn an extra dollar every week, pay it on the engine, and still bring his entire pay home to his mother.

In his eagerness to put the proposition before Mr. Flint, Tommy almost fell headlong off a ladder from which he was dusting top-shelf merchandise. By supreme effort he steadied himself, descending the ladder hurriedly. He approached his employer wide-eyed and breathless.

"Mr. Flint," Tommy panted, "I want to buy the red engine. The five dollar one!"

"What!" exclaimed Flint. "You pay more than a week's wages for a toy? Where will you get the money?"

"You'll see," Tommy boasted bravely. "I can earn an extra dollar every week. In five weeks the engine will be paid for, if I give you a dollar out of my pay."

"The price," Flint said discouragingly, "is five dollars *cash*. If you buy on credit, the price goes up to six dollars."

The extra dollar somewhat staggered Tommy, but he never batted an eyelash. He had crossed his Rubicon. Even had the price been raised to ten dollars, he would not have turned back.

"All right," Tommy said desperately, "then I'll pay six dollars."

"Look here," Flint argued. "What if you don't get the money? What if you make me lose a cash sale? Some one

Tommy got his broom, but he contrived to remain in the vicinity of the customer

might come in this very day and buy for cash. What then?"

The mere possibility of such a catastrophe filled Tommy with dismay. "But you won't sell it," he pleaded, "if you know you can take a dollar out of my pay, will you?"

"One dollar ain't six dollars," Flint figured. "How'll you make the extra money? Suppose I wait to the last minute and then you fall down?"

Tommy bit his lip to hide its quivering. He swallowed hard. Inspiration returned to him. "Look, Mr. Flint," Tommy persisted, grabbing the old man's coat as he turned away, "if no one buys the engine before Saturday and I pay you a deposit on it, you'll keep the engine for me, won't you?"

"Maybe," Flint muttered. "But don't get so grabby. I ain't runnin' away."

Elated over the concession, Tommy's spirits rose high. In the light of expectant ownership, the thing he longed for seemed even more desirable than ever. With loving fingers, he set the tiny light bulbs in their proper places, and wiped away imaginary specks of dust from the polished surface of the toy, whenever he could get near it.

At the first opportunity, Tommy rearranged the window display to place the engine in as inconspicuous a place as possible. Then he watched customers, especially those who came for toys. Before Flint could amble up to the front of the store, Tommy had the purchaser engaged and a sale at least in the making. He sold dolls, teasets, baseball bats, gloves, even mechanical trains, but he was loath to suggest mechanical toys for fear the customer might spot the engine and want it. In this way Thursday and Friday passed without a buyer for Tommy's red engine.

Every night, before leaving, Tommy put his engine carefully back in its original box. Then next morning, he took the engine out of its over-night garage, admired it, dusted it, and hid it in the show window, behind some object where no passerby might see it.

Saturday morning came, and with it an early morning customer. A lovely lady was standing before the show window, gazing at the display when Flint opened the store. She followed him in.

"I want a nice mechanical toy," she said. "One for a boy about ten years old."

"We have the very thing," Flint bubbled. "A little engine that runs by itself, on a battery. Wait till you see it." Flint opened the back of the show window and looked for the engine. Then he searched boxes on shelves and under the counters, without success.

Usually, Tommy was waiting at the store when Flint arrived, but this morning Tommy was a trifle late and Flint a trifle early. Tommy had risen before dawn to chop wood for an old lady who lived in his neighborhood. She had paid him twenty-five cents for an hour's work. This quarter constituted the sole installment toward his extra dollar for the first week. Tommy arrived in the midst of Flint's frantic search for the engine. Instinctively, the boy knew what the commotion was about. Flint grabbed his arm.

"Where is that engine?" he hissed. "If you have stolen it, you'll be one very sorry boy."

Tommy was angered by the insult, but he could not say anything with a customer standing before him. He knew by her general appearance that she could afford the price of his engine, if she liked it. And who wouldn't like it!

"It's right there," Tommy had to admit, pointing to the bottom of a pile of boxes. "I'll get it for you."

Tommy brought forth his treasure. He lifted it reluctantly from the box and placed it on the counter in front of

"But Mother," Tommy faltered, "won't there be anything? Not even candy or nuts or anything?"

the lady. She examined it carefully.

"It is a beautiful toy!" she exclaimed. "Please let me see how it works."

With trembling hands and eyes dimmed with unshed tears, Tommy started the engine. As the lights flashed on and the belts began to turn wheels, the lady laughed with delight.

"You have to be mighty careful with it," Tommy explained. "If anything hits it, it might break. Most of the other mechanical toys run on tracks. But this one has to be watched. Is your boy careful with his toys?"

"Go away!" Flint interposed. "What does a fine lady like this want with common trains and tracks. She wants something with class, like this fine engine. I'll wait on her myself. You go fix up the back of the store."

Tommy got his broom, but he contrived to remain in the vicinity of the purchaser. Unobtrusively, he spread out a display of trucks and trains and started them going 'round and 'round until her attention was attracted to a little car, which after being filled with sand running through a funnel, sped down an incline, automatically dumping the sand and running up again to be re-filled. She inquired the price. Three-fifty. She hesitated between the two toys. Tommy's heart raced. Flint was throwing all his persuasiveness into the sale of the five dollar engine. Finally she said:

"I think the boy is right. If I buy the engine, it will be broken in no time. This sand carrier does not have to be watched. I'll take it."

Tommy could have jumped for joy. Such a smile luminated his face, she turned to him. "You helped me," she said. "I hope you'll take this and add it to your Christmas money." She thrust a shining new fifty cent piece into the hand of the astonished Tommy. Luckily, Flint was busy making change and wrapping her parcels. Tommy had barely time to mumble his sincere thanks. Then she was gone, leaving Tommy jubilant.

The instant the lady was out of sight, Flint vented his wrath upon Tommy for thwarting the sale of the five dollar engine. But Tommy was too happy to mind a great deal. As the day advanced and the engine remained unsold, his spirits soared. He felt like singing. Instead, the rasping whine of old Flint's voice continually reminded him of his duties. He plied his broom, polished showcases, rearranged stock, waited on customers, but all in a livelier vein than before. He even found opportunity for a little soft humming as closing time drew near.

When the store was at last empty and Tommy had finished for the night, Flint counted out four one dollar bills and handed them to the boy with the usual: "My, my such fine wages I pay and half the time you do nothing to earn so much money. If I was not a generous man, I would take the money you lost for me, out of your pay."

"But I'm buying the engine," Tommy said. "You aren't losing anything. See. ." With rather a grand air, he handed back one of the bills. "That is the first payment on my engine. By Christmas it will be all paid for."

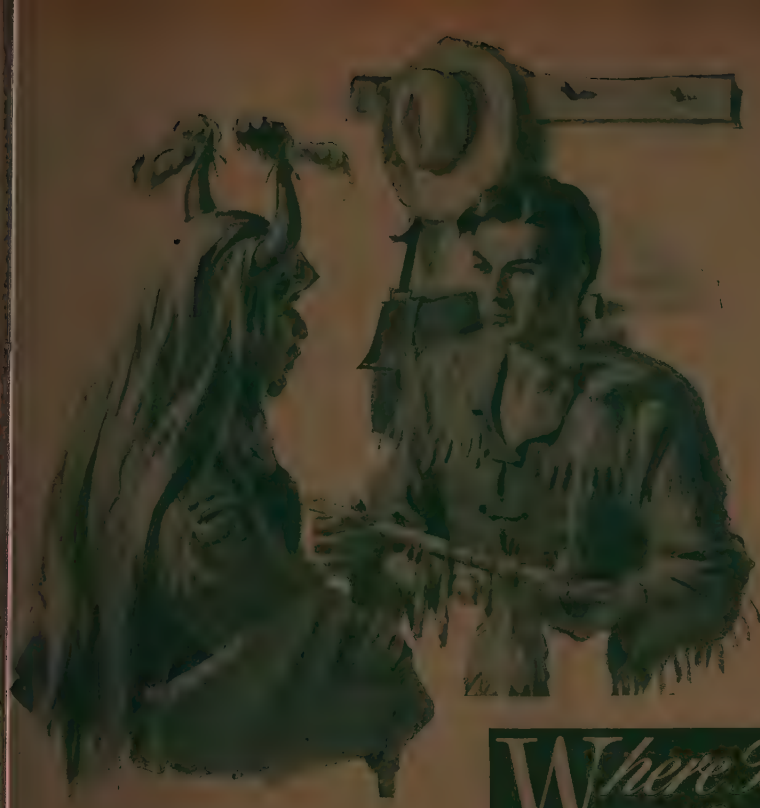
Old Flint looked at Tommy jeeringly. "The first payment," he sneered, putting the bill in his own pocket. "Mind you make the last one."

"Oh, I will," Tommy assured him happily. "I will."

In order to make the full weekly payment, it was now necessary for Tommy to subtract twenty-five cents from his wages. This troubled him. He knew how great the need was for every penny he and his mother could earn. Nevertheless, he convinced himself he was justified this once as he had never taken any part of his wages for himself before. He would not do it again, but how he could tell his mother this time was the only flaw in his otherwise perfect joy.

When he handed the money to his

(Continued on page 47)



"If you'll say it over the pipe with me, I'll cure your wife," said Marcus

Where Rolls the Oregon

[PART VI]

By HONORÉ MORROW

MARCUS returned in three days time, cheerful, but full of curiosity as to the undisclosed reason for McLoughlin's wishing to visit them, and full, too, of surmises as to the reason for the Doctor's visit to England. They were surmises only, but that McLoughlin's actions had some bearing on the missionaries' presence in Oregon they did not doubt.

In the middle of April came an interlude to the monotony. One evening someone knocked at the door. The two stood in astonishment as a man six feet, four inches tall appeared when Marcus swung the door wide.

"I am Jason Lee, from the Methodist mission on the Willamette," he said, holding out his hand.

"Well, well! This is a treat!" cried Marcus, clasping the proffered hand and leading Lee up to Narcissa. "My dear, this is the way a missionary ought to look!"

Narcissa joined the men in laughter, and the three settled at once to a conversation that had the aspect of an old friendship. Lee explained that he was on his way to the States to solicit help for his mission.

"And for other reasons, also," he added. "It's intolerable that we should be dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company, as we are. I want this country of the Columbia to be American and not British."

"Are you going to do anything active about that?" inquired Narcissa eagerly.

"I shall tell every audience that comes to hear me about the wonders of Oregon. And I shall go to Washington and talk to such Congressmen as will listen to me. But their indifference is astonishing. If the general American public learns of the fertility of this country, all the politics in the world can't keep them from fighting for possession here."

Marcus laid his hand on Lee's shoulder. "It is a splendid thing you are doing, Brother Lee. Did you leave all well at your mission? How is your wife?"

"That is my greatest anxiety," said Lee. "We look for a baby in July. But she would have me go; and unless I start now, another year must go by. In the meantime, Dr. McLoughlin is in London, making medicine, as the Indians say. Well, if they get word to you in time, Dr. Whitman, it would take a load from my mind if you would go to my wife."

"You can count on it!" declared Marcus. "If only they'll notify me."

"I'll see to that!" Lee gave a sigh of relief, and began asking questions about the Cayuse, and about Spalding's work among the Nez Percés.

Sunday passed uneventfully, and Monday at dawn they sped Lee on his long journey.

Late in June the Whitmans began to expect word from the Methodist mission regarding Mrs. Lee. But on the afternoon of the Fifth of July, a courier galloped up to the door, a courier in scarlet coat, on a foaming horse.

"Well Miles!" cried the Doctor. "What good wind brings you?"

"Not a very good wind, Dr. Whitman. Mrs. Lee died on June twenty-sixth. Her baby died on June seventh."

Marcus groaned. "Why didn't they send for me? Oh why didn't they? Narcissa! Mrs. Lee is gone, and her baby too!"

"I must stop only long enough to eat," said Miles. "I am sent by James Douglas to bear the news to Jason. They think I can overtake him before he reaches the States. Look!"

He drew from his pocket a letter, black-bordered, and bearing a huge black seal of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Narcissa shuddered. "Put it away, Miles, and come to supper."

Within the cabin was Sarah Hall, hurriedly putting Alice Clarissa into her company clothes. Miles stared at the slender girl.

"Are you that same Sarah I saw here a year ago? You were just a shave-head little girl. I'll bet you have grown a foot. And look at that baby. Isn't she a beauty? Come here to your Uncle Miles and see what he has in this big old pocket," peering intently into the yawning slash in his red coat. Alice Clarissa moved promptly toward him. Sarah, in her best red calico dress, watched the two with an expression in which jealousy struggled with friendliness. Marcus and Narcissa smiled at each other. Miles rose and tossed the delighted baby in the air. "Oh, you beauty," he cried. "Are you going to have your mother's voice, too?"

"She can sing a little nursery rhyme with me, now," replied Narcissa. "She could hum with me before she could talk."

"Say, Dr. Whitman," said Miles suddenly, "here's a thing you ought to know. That priest at Fort Walla Walla doesn't want Jason Lee to get into the States and start a lot of settlers coming here. So he's fixed up a plot to stop him. Pambrun doesn't know about it, but the Sioux Indians do, and so do I. I'm leaving in an hour to overtake Jason Lee before he reaches the forks of the Platte."

Miles sat down at the table where Narcissa had placed bread, milk, and cold venison.

"I'll eat and awa', as the Governor says," he chuckled.

"Miles, do you really know of such a plot?"

"Certainly I do—and so do the Indians."

"But don't you need help? Are you sure you'll reach Mr. Lee in time?"

Charley Compo suddenly jumped from his place near the fire, threw off his blanket, and shouted, "I'm saved! My wicked heart has melted! Pray for me, Doctor Whitman!"

Illustrator

CHARLES ZINGARO

"Who could ride swifter than me? Here I go!" He kissed Narcissa on the forehead. Alice Clarissa on the back of her dimpled neck, planted a vigorous kiss on Sarah Hall's astonished lips, and leaped out the door.

"I must see Pambrun about this interfering priest," said Marcus, after Miles had gone. "I'll go to the Fort tomorrow."

Narcissa awaited the Doctor's return two days later with apprehension. But he rode in, jaded but complacent.

"Pambrun pooh-poohs the idea of a plot," he told her, "but I believe Miles. At any rate, he's persuaded the priest to go up to Fort Vancouver, and I'm betting on our young courier. But I learned something else from Pambrun, that concerns us more directly. He tells me that some time ago, in a packet of mail that had to be opened because the courier got it wet, he found a letter from Spalding to the American Board, severely criticizing our work here at Waii-lat-pu, and asking that Gray be placed in charge here, replacing us."

"But that is intolerable treachery! What will you do, Marcus?"

"Nothing, for the present, I suppose, until we learn without doubt that such a letter reached the Board. But we will have to keep a closer eye on Brother Spalding hereafter."

Unless a stray trapper brought them news, the Whitmans could not hope to hear from Miles for many weeks, so they returned quietly to the duties of the mission. The long summer days marched on, beautiful and serene, as only Oregon days can be. But on a certain afternoon, they were summoned by a shrill cry from Sarah.

"Look! There are white women, too!"

A train of pack horses was coming from the east.

"It is Gray!" cried Marcus.

They rushed down the hill. It was Gray, indeed, with a brand new wife, with a young schoolmaster, Rogers, and three other missionary couples—Eels, Walker and Smith. With tears and broken phrases of Thanksgiving, the newcomers dismounted and were welcomed by the Whitmans. The common table was set in the cabin, and over the first meal a discussion was held as to the future location of the members of the new group.

William Gray had informed the others, clearly, of the conditions to be found in the Columbia country, and also had prejudiced them violently against the Hudson's Bay Company. It was midnight before Marcus and Narcissa had persuaded them to make the trip to Fort Vancouver and consult with Douglas about locations for the new missions. It was decided then that the party would leave on the following day for the trip.

Gray yielded with good grace, but said that, since the American Board had designated himself, his wife, and Rogers for Lapwai, they would go on to the Clearwater. He yawned, and started for bed, but the Doctor followed him out the door.

"Gray," he said in a low voice, "did the Board say anything to you about having received drastic criticisms from Spalding about us? Pambrun saw such a letter."

"No!" replied Gray, wonderingly. "I remember that they did complain that they'd had no letters from either mission last year. What's worrying you?"

Marcus, after swearing Gray to secrecy, told him about the letter Pambrun had read. William listened, then cried angrily,

"Spalding will wreck the missions yet! But the Board had not received the letter when I was there. I'm glad you told me. I'll watch Spalding like a hawk from now on."

Somewhat reassured, Marcus returned to the cabin.

The new party left for Fort Vancouver the next day. It was several weeks later that Marcus heard, during a trip to Fort Walla Walla, that the Walkers and Eels were already building their cabins near Spokan, and the Smiths a hundred miles northeast of Waai-lat-pu, among the Nez Percés.

"So," said Narcissa, "we are all grouped for the convenience of the watchful eye of Governor Simpson!"

Marcus nodded. "By the way, Umtippe rode out from the Fort with me. He says Père Demers told him to say his prayers, count his beads, and kill Protestants. Then he'd reach heaven. Pretty cold-blooded, isn't it?"

Narcissa nodded. "So Umtippe is back!"

"We'll convert the old villain yet! Well,

now that chore is done, I'm going to begin the actual building of the new house."

Long after Marcus was asleep that night, Narcissa lay thinking of the helplessness of the new missions in case of trouble, and of the terrible skill with which the priests were able to influence the Indians. If only she and Marcus had a fraction of that skill!

The next morning, as soon as her school work was done, Narcissa went out to watch Marcus lay the first of the adobes above the foundations that had been dug nearly a year before. Alice Clarissa accompanied her. The size and strength of the child were wonderful. At a year and a half of age, she was as large and as mentally advanced as the average child a year older. She walked well, and could talk like a child of three. As soon as Narcissa had seated herself on a pile of bricks, Alice Clarissa left her to follow her father.

A moment later Umtippe appeared. He stalked up to Narcissa, the white horse's tail flaunting over his great shoulder, his eyes smouldering.

"What is the new lodge for?" he demanded in a surly voice. "You had better stop building it, or I will have my young men trample it down."

"It is for us to live and work in. There will be a room in it for the Indians, so they will not have to come into our part of the house. It will be a large pleasant room with a fireplace. I will use it also for a school room."

Umtippe had opened his lips to speak again, angrily, when Alice Clarissa ran toward them. "Oh, dee Umtippe! Umtippe!" She seated herself confidently on the old chief's knee.

Umtippe's face was transformed by a smile. He caught up the little girl and raised her high. Alice Clarissa crowed with delight.

"Swing baby high!" she cried. "Rock-a-by high!" Then in a flutelike voice she piped:

"Rock - a - by baby, on the tree top!

When the wind blows the cradle will rock. . . ."

Umtippe listened as if hypnotized. This was a new accomplishment of Alice Clarissa's to him. He placed the baby carefully on the ground, his old eyes full of tears. "You said you'd teach her to sing, and you have!" he said gruffly, and strode off to the Indian encampment.

The weeks dragged on. At last, one morning after Miles had been gone several months, there came a diversion.

"Whoa! My prancing steed!" shouted a familiar voice outside. The door swung wide and Miles appeared. "I'm here!"

"And Jason Lee?" cried Marcus, seizing Miles' proffered hand.

"Is safely preaching in the States by now," replied Miles. "I caught him on the plains beyond the Platte and made him turn back to Fort Laramie to await the fur brigade. Golly, Sarah Hall, you get sweeter by the minute!"

Sarah, pink-cheeked, giggled. "That's more than I can say for you! You look as if you'd been through a massacre!"

"Don't I!" agreed Miles, coolly, glancing at his tattered clothes. "It was rough going. I came back by the short cut, through the Blue Mountains. I believe you could bring a wagon through that way, Doctor, if you'd do a lot of slashing. It's only the timber that makes the trouble."

Narcissa was putting the baby in her crib after supper when Charley Compo entered.

"The chief of the Walla Wallapoos is at the camp tonight," he said. "He says the King George's missionary at Fort Walla Walla sent him up here to get Umtippe to drive you away. Umtippe is angry in his heart because you are building the new house. He is listening gladly to the Walla Wallapoo's whisperings. You must come to the council lodge tonight and have the little White Cayuse sing. That will soften all the hearts that hear her."

Marcus hesitated. "We will be there in about half an hour," he said finally.

The half hour was just up when supperless, but clad in their best, they left the cabin. The lodge was by no means an unimposing edifice. It was formed by the joining of many single lodges, whose buffalo hide coverings, carefully sewed together by the squaws, were covered with drawings in many colors. There was a sudden hush of voices when the mission party came in. Narcissa smiled into her baby's face and tossed her lightly in her arms. "Alice Clarissa, sing with mother!" and she hummed the little rhyme as she held the baby aloft.

Alice Clarissa laughed, as though entirely unconscious of the Indian audience. Such convocations were an old story to her. Her extraordinary little voice rippled forth as naturally as a bird's notes, and she sang the nursery lullaby so clearly, so sweetly, and correctly that even Marcus, tone deaf as he was, was thrilled to the heart.

As the last words died away, and before the Indians could begin their swelling Aa-a-ah of applause, Narcissa began the song which Miles had bade her sing. Instantly her audience became silent and motionless.

For nearly an hour Narcissa, tall and alien, her golden hair flashing in the firelight, stood singing to the Indians. The Cayuse rocked and sobbed, begging for more and more. Narcissa scarcely paused, until as the final notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" left her lips, Charley Compo suddenly jumped from his place near the fire, cast off his blanket, and shouted:

"I'm saved! I'm saved! My wicked heart has melted! Pray for me, Doctor! Pray!"

The astonished Doctor hesitated only long enough to be sure Compo was sincere, then he rushed to the Indian's side and knelt with him in prayer. Narcissa, after a moment, began to sing another old song. The older Indians watched Charley Compo with doubt and disgust in their faces. But half a dozen of the younger braves arose and began to plead with the white man's God to receive the burden of their sins.

Marcus worked like one inspired. His face was the face of an apostle. Miles Goodyear, after a short time, told Narcissa he would take the baby home, and with her in his arms he and Sarah Hall left the lodge.

Two hours passed before this startling harvest of souls was ended. At the end of that time, a dozen of the friends of Charley Compo had been received as Christian brothers by Marcus. During this time Umtippe, and a ferocious-looking chief, who Marcus took to be the Walla Wallapoo, sat before the fire demanding more songs from Narcissa. And when Narcissa's voice refused to quaver another note, Umtippe allowed Marcus to lead her out of the lodge without further protest. The Whitmans moved out into the moonlight, silent in the excess of their relief and joy.

Miles departed the next morning, and they settled into the usual routine. As the winter set in, and the isolation of the mission grew more complete, Narcissa noted that Sarah grew silent, and her childish ways dropped from her. She spent many hours alone in the leanto,

(Continued on page 54)

What Child Is This?

12

William C. Dix — Old English Tune "Greensleeves"

mf

1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleeping? Whom
2. Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding? Good
3. So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh, Come peasant, king, to own Him; The

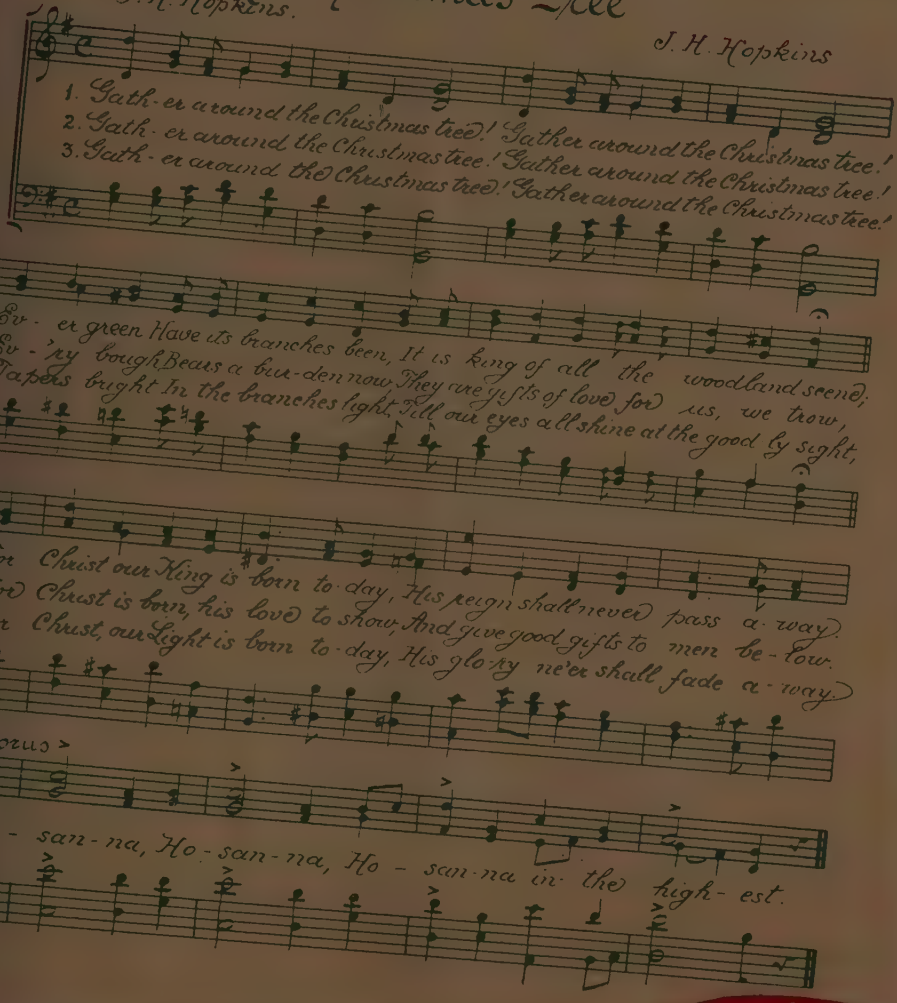
an-gels greet with anthems sweet While shepherds watch are keep-ing?
Christians, fear: for sin-ners here The si-lent Word is plead-ing:
King of kings, sal-va-tion brings, Let lov-ing hearts en-throne Him.

This, this is Christ the King, Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you.
Raise, raise, the song on high, The Vir-gin sings her lul-la-by:

Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe the Son of Ma-ry!
Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe the Son of Ma-ry!
Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe the Son of Ma-ry!

The Christmas Tree

J. H. Hopkins.


J. H. Hopkins
1. Gath-er around the Christmas tree! Gather around the Christmas tree!
2. Gath-er around the Christmas tree! Gather around the Christmas tree!
3. Gath-er around the Christmas tree! Gather around the Christmas tree!
Ev-er green Have its branches been, It is king of all the woodland scene;
Ev-'ry bough Bears a bur-den now, They are gifts of love for us, we trow,
Tapers bright In the branches light, Till our eyes all shine at the good by sight,
For Christ our King is born to-day, His reign shall never pass a-way.
For Christ is born, his love to show, And give good gifts to men be-low.
For Christ, our Light is born to-day, His glo-ry ne'er shall fade a-way.
Chorus
Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the high-est.

Two Yuletide Carols

From the book "Christmas Carols" by

The MEDICO of MUSCAT

This article about Dr. Harrison is the second in a series on the outstanding medical missionaries

By **FRANK S. MEAD**

THIS is the story of A Boy Who Wanted To Have Fun. You can't blame any healthy boy for wanting that, especially this boy who grew up in a home missionary home where the family income was something like $10.00 a week. In Scribner, Nebraska.

Out there in Nebraska, young Paul Harrison took to baseball and medicine like a duck takes to water. He worked like a Trojan (what medical student doesn't?) to get his medical training and when he was about through with his interneship he took a map in his lap and looked for the one spot in the world where he might find the most fun. He put his finger down on Arabia and said, "That's it!"

His teacher, the famous Dr. Harvey Cushing, was shocked. This man was born for research; he would reach quick success and fortune in any big American hospital. "But," answered the young interne, "I can do research in Arabia. And I don't want to be a success, I want some fun."

You can't blame him. Life's no joke; it's hard enough, anywhere. But . . . in Arabia! In Eastern Arabia! This writer has seen it. He's been ashore at Aden, where you can't walk the sizzling streets without thinking kindly of the three Hebrew boys whom Nebuchadnezzar threw into the fiery furnace. Hot! British troops in Aden and Muscat and Bahrain do six months' service, get credit for twelve, and run for home. We ran for the ship, collapsed in a deck chair and moaned, "Water!"

Eastern Arabian temperatures often reach 108 during the day and 115 at night; you got out in the sun in the morning to cool off. Rainfall is one, two, at most three inches a year; some years they never even have a light shower. Main occupation is drying fish; fish dry in a hurry. And there are some dates in the oases. It is the land of Hagar; every-bit as cruel and desperate as Hagar.

Thence went Paul Harrison, to have his fun! Perhaps he thought there was something romantic about Arabia. Lawrence of Arabia—remember him? He had one sort of romantic fun out there, whipping up a war among the sheiks. But Harrison arrived with a medicine kit and no machine guns. He was a healer, not a warrior. And if he had any idea that Arabians are romantic he must have lost that idea the first ten minutes ashore.

Sheiks are dirty. Arabs are dirty. There are few if any of the Valentino model, clean-shaven, glamorous. The narrow little streets (alleys is a better word) swarm with unwashed humanity and free-flowing sewage; with donkeys nobody loves to touch, with mangy camels and flea-infested dogs. With veiled women, in black. With Bedouins in unspeakable camel-robes. Lepers. Rags, rats, rot, repulsion.

Add to all that the fiercest resentment against Christianity to be found anywhere in the world. These fierce-faced Arabs are one and all the aggressive missionaries of Allah; every camel driver is a missionary. We in the Christian West are a steamheat crowd; we demand cushions on our pews, or we find another church. The Christian missionary who goes out there to preach Christ with a Testament or a scalpel meets another

Matrah is surrounded by rocky hills which imprison the terrible heat

Muscat, where Dr. Harrison had his hospital

Members of Muscat Church, Harrison in center

The Doctor apparently is still having fun

form of heat—and he has to be a good man to stand it.

Harrison not only stood it. He had fun.

At first he worked in the big centers—Bahrain, Kuwait, Matrah, Muscat—and ranged out through the desert hunting sick Mohammedans. He took his wife and his helpers on personally conducted healing tours of the hell-holes of the Persian Gulf. He was warned every time he started out that he might not come back. One official said to him at the start of one of his first trips, "Remember, death travels just behind you in the desert. Even if you are sick, or completely exhausted, and feel that further travel is impossible, you must keep on going, for nothing must stand in the way of getting you to the end of the journey, where there is water." But God always rode an invisible camel in his caravans; he always got through.

Take, for instance, that trip into the Nejd, to the city of Kateef. The famous Arab chieftain Bin Saoud himself asked Harrison to come and see what he could do with the sick of Kateef. They went, set up their clinic and were swamped with work—when one morning there came a summons from the Governor. The Governor, it seemed, objected to their morning prayers. His voice cracked at them like a whip: "You can get out of here; a boat leaves for Bahrain in the morning and you will be on it." They were not on it—and they did not stop their morning praying. Bin Saoud knew of the healings, and he became the doctor's firm friend. But their lives hung by a thread in Kateef.

Later, they journeyed to Riadh, the political capital of Arabia and the spiritual capital of the whole empire of Mohammed. Riadh was a bitter town for Christians; no one spoke to them in the streets; no one dared talk to them except the ruler himself, and that only behind the thick walls of his palace. Occasionally dim figures stole through the streets at night to the house of the infidel doctor, a la Nicodemus, to sit and talk in hushed tones of medicine, God and the soul. Persecution was certain, if they were caught, and they knew it.

Into the clinic one day rushed the King's chief scribe; he seized one of the little entrance-tickets given the patients, on which were the the words, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." He tore that ticket into a hundred bits and threw them into the air. Never again, he ordered, were such tickets, bearing such blasphemy, to be used.

Harrison beat the scribe. He appealed to the King himself, who listened and gave him the sign of peace and told him he would not be bothered again. He wasn't. The torn ticket spread like seed over the city.

Back from that trip, Harrison told everybody he had had the time of his life: "No knighthood compares with the honor of carrying the Divine Flag on that trip. . . . But trips like this seam the face with thin straight lines." Yet when you look at the doctor today you see a smile in every wrinkle in his desert-whipped face.

In 1920, he went to Muscat to run a hospital under the auspices of the Reformed Church in America. Cost, $14,000—dirt cheap, as hospitals go. Thirty-six rooms, but not thirty-six beds; patients bring their own rugs and sleep on the floor. The average day finds him treating 125 patients. Average operations per week, fifteen to twenty. A doctor in the States would make a comfortable fortune out of that. But the medico of Muscat gets $15 for a major operation that would cost a thousand over here. For taking cataracts off the eyes he charges $1.85, and as a rule gets something like $.37.

He runs the hospital on $1800 a year, half of which goes to his assistants, one of whom is an ex-slave and three others

Dr. Harrison and the ruler of Sohar

the sons of a pearl diver. His salary is $185 a month, plus a place to live. That's all. Yet when he heard that a nearby mission doctor had quit to take a job with an oil company, he couldn't believe the man could be so silly. The man said, "I'm sick and tired of being poor." Dr. Harrison said, "Why, that fellow won't have fun any more!"

You may get it by this time: fun to a man like Harrison doesn't consist in getting rich or getting your name in the newspapers or in being called a success. Fun is not in establishing yourself in a big profitable practice, back home; that's "sissy" medicine. Fun lies in going out to those who are in the most desperate need of a physician; in saving those who would otherwise die; in cracking the toughest medical and surgical job on the face of the earth; in doctoring where there are no doctors. . . .

The Arabs have no doctors. Midwives handle maternity cases, with the help of a knife under the pillow, for luck. If an Arab catches cold he treats it with a page of the Koran tied to his arm; if he breaks a leg his friends stretch him out on the sand, bind the leg to stakes driven deep in the ground and leave him there until it "heals." No attempt is made to set the bone.

That's been going on for centuries—so it was a little hard to get the Arabs to accept the ways and methods of Western medicine. They didn't want to sleep in any hospital beds. They brought their own rugs to sleep on, on the floor; they also brought a charcoal stove and an army of friends to cook their food for them on the stove. The hospital doesn't supply free food to everybody, for if they did everybody would stay sick in the hospital forever.

A man comes in, let us say, with cataracts. They lead him into the operating room. A doctor in sophisticated America might call that operating room a chicken coop; it has no cabinets filled with gleaming steel and nickel instruments; no flock of nurses to help. The sterilizer is an old pressure steam-cooker and over the table burns a light installed by an Arab carpenter at a total cost of six dollars.

Mrs. Harrison administers the anesthetic; not a nurse, and with no medical education, she just set her jaw and learned how. The operation proceeds, and when it is done Doctor Harrison picks the patient up in his arms and carries him like a baby, upstairs, to his rug on the floor. There he recuperates, with friends and relatives squatting on their heels around him, watching, cooking his meals on the charcoal stove, advising, jabbering, praising Allah and the Christian doctor.

The Arab women are a problem, in that operating room. You see, there is a law against lifting the veil from the face of a Moslem woman; were that to happen she would be considered unfaithful to her husband. So—how does a surgeon operate for cataracts, on a woman? Harrison solved the problem: he cuts holes in the veil to get at the eyes.

One woman was brought in by her Sheik husband; she had a hideous buck tooth; the husband wanted it straightened—without any lifting of the veil. The doctor chloroformed her, looked the tooth over, and told the Sheik that if he would allow him to pull the tooth his wife would be transformed into a really pretty woman. But no . . .

"Leave her alone," said the Sheik. "It is not important. I will divorce her at once."

Now and then a call comes in from the desert: an Arab lies sick unto death under the date palms of an oasis miles away. They clamber aboard their camels, travel fast until they see the oasis come shimmering up out of the desert heat. They spread a mat on the ground; that's the operating table. They sterilize their instruments in a portable pressure-cooker over a fire of camel dung. A crowd of filthy Bedouins forms a muttering ring around the surgeon and his patient and the air is dark with the swarming of a million flies that crawl over spectators, patient, surgeon. everything. They even crawl over the wound, but Dr. Harrison isn't worried about that. He has learned something American doctors ought to know; that flies in a wound are not usually deadly, *but flies on instruments and ligatures are.* Keep those instruments and ligatures clean and sterile and your patient will recover!

Think this over: ten to fifteen per cent of the operations in the average hospital are followed by infection. But on one desert trip this Muscat medico performed twenty-two operations, including leg amputations and goiters, and he did not have one single case of infection! It must be fun, reporting that to the doctors back home!

At first they tried chloroform in that operating room, for every patient. (Ether evaporated too quickly.) The chloroform was administered by one of the helpers who had a good reputation as a tooth-puller, a false pride in himself as an anesthetist. Sometimes he gave too much and the rest of the time he gave too little; the patient either had to have artificial respiration performed on him, right in the middle of the operation, to keep him from dying, or he came to life before the job was done and tried to fight everybody in sight and turned the operating theater into a madhouse.

Harrison turned to spinal anesthesia; when he did that he wrote a great chapter in surgical history. "Spinals," any doctor will tell you, have their bad points; they leave headaches that often last for weeks; they often produce paralysis of the bladder and falling blood pressure. And they cannot be used for operations above the second rib. Most surgeons accept that as demonstrated truth.

Not Harrison, who has been experimenting with spinals. He has been putting his camel-riding Arabs back on their camels weeks before an American would even think of leaving his hospital in a wheel chair. He has proved that spinals can be used for operations above the waist. He hasn't made an official announcement of it yet, but he will—after a year or more of experiments, so he can be sure.

And he has found out more about hernia than he could ever have found out at home. Hernia has a habit of recurring; five out of ten times it recurs, breaks through that woefully thin abdominal wall. Harrison has discovered a way to stop that: he puts in a blowout patch! He takes a piece of ox-hide two inches square and sews it in on the wall and out of fifty-two recent hernia cases he hasn't had a single recurrence or blowout. And he gets his Arab workmen back to work in record time. Some day, when he's absolutely sure, he'll report on that one, too.

So he's had his fun, for over thirty years there in the blast furnace of Muscat. Nine-tenths of his labors are with the poor, with those three-quarters starved to death, with those so weak from undernourishment that even a scratch on the skin may mean death. He has treated he knows not how many eyes, and no man who has ever traveled in the Near East will wonder why. We have seen Arab mothers in the streets of Jerusalem, Damascus and Aden with babies in their arms and the faces of the babies swarming with deadly flies that crawl in and out of mouth, eyes, ears, carrying disease and often blindness in perfect ease and freedom and the mother never thinks of brushing those flies away! He pulls teeth, doses with quinine feverish fishermen and malarial date-gardeners who drink their quinine solutions out of beer bottles (medicinal

(Continued on page 61)

REFUGEE

("There was no room for them . . ."—Luke.)

God knows there must be room, somewhere,
For men to live without despair!
To lift their eyes to quiet hills,
And breathe the fragrance rain distills.
There must be meadows ripe with grain,
Unscarred by bombing aeroplane,
And daisies silent in the grass,
Which nod a greeting as you pass.

Dear God! To live in such a land!
And purged of terror, humbly stand
Where men move freely in the light,
And fearless go to bed at night;
Where children laugh as children should,
And frolic in a placid wood;
A land unscathed by shells and flames,
Where hate and war are only names.
Dear God, there *must* be lands like these,
With futures, homes, for refugees!

Clara Bernhardt

By

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IN SPITE of war and rumors of war, pestilence, famine, Hitlerism, Totalitarian States, uncerainty, confusion, violence and death, here is still something kindly, loving, beautiful and heartening alive in the world these days, and Christmas Candles re still aglow. And this is the story of a rave, fine woman who helps to keep hem aglow in the hearts of American eople; a woman who, strangely enough, as driven from Germany, and who ame to the United States a few years go where she has been given a chance o do a bit of creative work which has nriched her own life and carried a lot f Christmas out into the dark places of nany American homes.

Through a literal Gethsemane of sufering, Erna Bilkau, who lost her only hild, developed what she calls Mystic Candles, and today in almost every imortant shop window, department store nd gift shop in America from coast to oast those tall, beautiful, red, white, or ronze candles have become one of the nost popular expressions of the Christnas spirit. But most people who purhase and burn these Mystic Candles do ot know the sad, tragic, and yet riumphant story behind them. It is an lmost unbelievable saga of sorrow, devotion, and victorious love; which, at his Christmas time leads us once again o the foot of a manger where an ancient Hebrew mother looked down into the face of the child who set all candles aglow in the darkness of even a war-torn world.

Erna Bilkau recently told me her story in the home of a Boston friend, and as we sat in a darkened room of that home with a wood fire burning, two of her great Mystic Candles were aglow on the mantelpiece.

Born in Russia, her family moved to Germany soon after, and Erna fell in love with a German boy, married him and visited America on her honeymoon. She learned to love America: its people, its wide plains, rivers, mountain ranges: more especially its spirit of hope and freedom: the fact that this nation gave its people a chance to work out their own destinies unhampered by spies and hatred. Some years later, when she was separated from her husband by a Totalitarian tragedy, she fled back to America with her two-year-old son, alone and daring to hope that in this land of refuge she could make her own way.

As she said to me: "Naturally that child meant everything to me for I had suffered much. It was because of his health that I went to California. He was all that I had in this strange land. My love for him was almost idolatry. I was able to make a moderate living because I had brought with me from Germany a fine collection of books, antiques, keys, and old engravings; with this stock I opened an Antique Shop. I was getting along well when suddenly Jackie took seriously ill with a throat infection. I remember once going to his room in the hospital, white with my own grief, and Jackie looked up at me and said: 'Mother you look so white. Why don't you put on some rouge? I don't like you so white-looking!'

"What that darling boy did not know was that I, his mother, had been told that very hour, that he could not live."

The shock of Jackie's death almost upset Erna Bilkau's mind. She suffered untold agony. For months she walked the streets at night looking into the windows of homes where she could see little children sitting with their mothers. And once she saw a boy about Jackie's age kneeling at his mother's knees saying his evening prayers.

"After such an experience," she says, "I would go back to my lonely home and lie half-awake all night listening for his breathing, hearkening for his footsteps coming into my room as he used to do when he was alive. Friends tried to comfort me but my heart was breaking. I felt as if I were a lone swimmer, swept out to sea, out, out, beyond my depth

with a terrific undertow tugging relentlessly at my body.

"Then in my extremity I did what millions of other souls have done—I turned to God.

"I got down on my knees beside my bed, as I had so often taught Jackie to do. I put my hands together as a little child would do and prayed: 'Oh, God! Come, enter within me and drive this sorrow from my heart! Help me to be brave! Give me courage to rise and stand on my feet! Oh, God, I need you so much!' "

Then a great sense of peace, quiet and courage came to her. As she puts it: "It was as though God took me by the hand and led me as if I were a little child, led me to a great idea. He led me to a little room where Jackie used to play and I found myself setting up a crude altar to his memory, with small candles burning on it.

"All day and night I burned those candles but I soon discovered that most candles I could purchase would not burn long enough and constantly I had to replace them. Then I remembered certain candle-making secrets from my father and I worked for months developing a formula which would make those candles burn for weeks instead of days; and which, as they burned, would emit a strange mystical glow. They looked like tall alabaster columns with inner lights glowing in them, for my candles burned down the center and did not burn the outer shell."

But this woman's grief was so great that she fell ill and went into a coma. She was alone and unconscious for two days when her neighbors noticed a light burning in her home. They also heard the dogs barking for food, and fearing that something serious had happened broke into the house and found her unconscious. Those neighbors happened to be motion picture actors, for she was living in Hollywood. They took her into their home and nursed her back to life. Naturally when they broke into her home the night of her illness they saw the altar she had erected to the memory of her son and were attracted by the beauty of the candles on that altar; and, when she told them how she had developed the formula of those candles they wanted to buy some from her.

"No! They are not for sale! I made them for my Jackie! They are too sacred to sell!" replied Mrs. Bilkau.

Then she continued her strange story: "Across the street from my home lived a young married couple who worked in pictures, and whose name, if I dared to tell it, would be well known to all picture fans. They had been quarreling for months and were on the verge of a divorce. I learned of their trouble and sent them several of my Mystic Candles for their dining room table. Shortly after that they came over to my home to thank me for the candles. They stayed all evening. I told them all about Jackie whom they had known; what his death had meant to me, and then of how I had tried to temper my grief by making those beautiful candles. Once during the evening I saw tears rolling down the cheeks of the motion picture wife and I knew that they were not stage tears. I later learned the reason for her tears.

"She came over to my home the next evening alone. She evidently wanted to tell me something and I waited until it came out naturally. It did a few minutes after her arrival as we sat talking by the light of some of my candles.

Little Boy's Christmas

Santa Claus is everywhere,
Santa Claus is here and there
When Christmas time draws near.
I do not see
How he
Can be
So many places with his tree!
To me
It is not clear.

I see him in department stores,
I see him on the street.
He's on so many different floors
He must have lively feet!
He's here and there,
He's everywhere—
I'm happy when we meet.

Nurse says I should not question how
He gets about so nimbly.
"One thing is certain," she explains:
"He'll get down *your* big chimbly!"
And so I do not say a thing—
No presents I'll be losing.
And yet I think, "He's here and there,
Old Santa Claus is everywhere!"—
It's *really* most confusing!

Charles Hanson Towne

"'You know, Mrs. Bilkau, when you sent those beautiful candles over to us we put them on our table. They looked, for all the world, like the white alabaster columns of Taj Mahal in India. Jim and I visited India together and we loved the beautiful story of how the Indian Prince had built the Taj Mahal as a memorial to his wife, whom he loved with a great devotion. Your candles reminded us of that temple and of that love. After dinner we would sit in our living room with those candles on our mantel and live and dream over other and happier days. In that darkened room those candles created a mystic glow and hushed our hearts. It seemed incongruous to quarrel in such an atmosphere—and we had been quarreling so much lately. So we fell into a mood of almost holy quiet. I do not know whether you will understand that or not. It sounds like melodrama, but I vow to you that your candles have saved our home! And last evening Jim himself suggested that we come over to thank you for them. I was so happy that the suggestion had come from him. That accounts for the visit we made last night.'

"That woman's experience was a revelation to me. It shook my soul awake. It made me feel as if, after all, there might be something left in life for me to do. Perhaps those candles had a mission to humanity. Perhaps the light of my candles would speak peace to troubled souls; give homes and hearts the cathedral touch. Perhaps that was to be my mission in life. That would help to ease the terrible loss in my own life. It was an idea that stirred me like a religious conversion. I seemed to be God-guided by that thought. It had worked in one home. Why not in others? So I started to make those Mystic Candles with that thought in mind. Every candle was a prayer and an act of worship with me.

"I worked for months to perfect those candles. Starting with the formula I remembered from my father, I first developed a candle that would burn for weeks. Then my second problem was to develop a candle that would burn deep down through the center around the wick without burning the sides, so that it would glow with a strange radiance as it burned. Then I developed candles of all shades and sizes and this was followed with what I called a Drip Candle.

"Henry Fonda was the first one to buy my candles and he started me on an unexpected business career. He not only bought my candles but he told all of his motion picture friends about them. He saw them first in the home of the motion picture friends of whom I have spoken. My friends later told me that when Henry Fonda came into their home he would just stand and look at those candles, saying nothing for ten minutes. Then one evening he said to them: 'I must see the woman who makes those candles. I must see her!'

"My friends replied: 'But she is too shy. She won't come over here if she knows you are here. She is afraid of people, especially celebrities.'

"'Well then, we'll fool her!' said Henry Fonda. 'We'll just go over and see her if she won't come to see us.'

"And that is exactly what he did! I shall never forget the night he came. I heard my doorbell ring and went to the door, nervous and disturbed. When I opened the door, without further introduction Fonda simply said to me: 'Hello Bilkie, we've come to call on you and to tell you how beautiful your candles are and to see some more of them.'

(Continued on page 59)

MOTION PICTURE *Commentator*

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

THE odd thing about one of 1940's major films is that its subject is the most hated man in the world; and its ading man is undoubtedly the most be-ved of all performers of the silver reen. Almost a paradox there; and we're rtain Charlie Chaplin must have realized vaguely at least, when he set about oducing "The Great Dictator" which is voted almost entirely to satirizing the reer of Adolf Hitler. Chaplin's face is own to millions from Sauk Center to ngapore; and so is the toothbrush mus-che of the Nazi leader he impersonates. ose countless fans who have roared at e antics of the little man with the bag-trousers and the bewildered eyes sud-nly are faced with a serious Chaplin erious save for priceless moments of o-brief pantomime) who is embarked on rusade of his own.

As the shell-shocked and Nazi-shocked wish barber, who indulges in moments complete cinema insanity, he is superb. t in the dual role of Hynkel (ostensibly tler) he strains for effect; he wants us laugh at, and simultaneously hate, a n whose character has already been dged by outraged world opinion. Too ng many of us called Hitler a fool; we el little inclined to laugh at him now. haplin's impersonation left us with the pression of a bad story unsatisfactorily ice-told.

"The Great Dictator" is an important ture. Important because Chaplin wrote, oduced and acted it. When he presents e story of the persecution of the Jews e are shocked; when he gives us panto-ime and comedy we roar. For these ings alone we unhesitatingly recommend is film. But when fate makes the kindly rber a dictator and affords him an op-rtunity (a fantastic one) to make a osing speech tinged with Communism, e turn down our critic's thumb. The al sequences, we thought cheap melo-ama and badly done tragedy. Not even e fine first half; not even the brilliant rformance of Jack Oakie as Mussolini; t even Paulette Goddard's sensitive act-g as the barber's sweetheart, can make forget the worst ending we have seen is year. We may be wrong; in fact we ge you to see this picture and judge it a whole.

John Ford has for a long time been one our favorite directors (remember "The former"?), and again the master of oods and atmosphere has scored a clean in United Artists "The Long Voyage ome." A thoroughly masculine tale of e sea, fringed with contemporary uches, but completely a triumph of di-ction and thrilling entertainment for e grownups. Thomas Mitchell is great.

We used to have a Catholic friend who would fight anyone on the block should a casual remark be directed against the Notre Dame football team. He seemed to take the fate of the South Bend eleven into his own hands; its meaning as a religious educational institution was lost to him and instead he saw it as a school with classrooms between goalposts. We thought of him after seeing Warner Brothers' "Knute Rockne—All-American." Wherever this boyhood friend is, he'll see this film and come roaring out of the theater willing to liquidate anyone who dares regard Notre Dame's grid warriors and the Catholic church as two widely different organizations.

It's an example of the brothers Warner at their worst and that's pretty bad. This film biography of a great sportsman is overloaded with cheap sentiment and dripping with appeals to such people as the friend we had in mind. Pat O'Brien does a good job in reliving the career of the Norwegian boy who rose from an obscure gridiron to the top headlines of the athletic world. We liked the sequences involving O'Brien and Gale Page (Mrs. Rockne), and the football action shots. But we're afraid "Knute Rockne—All-American" will make more of those rabid fans who snarl "You can't say that about Notre Dame."

There's a son of a Methodist minister by the name of Carl Snavely who turned out America's Number One football team at Cornell last year. Interested, brothers Warner?

Charles Laughton, having been all things to all directors, now appears as an Italian grape grower in RKO's "They Knew What They Wanted." We are pained to report (pained because we think a lot of Laughton) that the grapes do not agree with him. Neither does an Italian accent. The idea was a good one: the fat and lonely man who fell in love with Carol Lombard and who sacrificed everything but honor and dignity for her. She, in turn, spurns her real love, William Gargan, to care for the crippled keeper of the vineyards. Some good tragedy and fine acting by Miss Lombard, but even this is marred by one sequence so suggestive we wonder where the Hays office was at the time. Really quite crude and even as adult film fare we cannot give this one a clean bill of health.

Musicals are often uneven and lagging in sustained interest, but Republic's "The Hit Parade" provides both tunes and entertainment, thanks to a good script and competent performances by Kenny Baker, Ann Miller and Hugh Herbert.

The Country Preacher Says:

WHAT a good time we had down to the old country church last Sunday! I just can't get over it. I take it a good time is one that does every one good. You know I never felt more in my life that everyone had been done good than I did last Sunday. The outside foliage was certainly beautiful and the foliage inside banked all along the whole chancel seemed in its sacred setting even more beautiful still. We always call this Sunday "Foliage" Sunday and we used oak leaves, mostly—they seem to stay on better and not dry up so quickly. I had the foliage all gathered days before and stored down in the woods with the stems in the water. After the service we put many of the stems into tin coffee cans filled with water leaving them just where they were. They will be as good as ever next Sunday. I preached on the text "And the leaves shall be for the healing of the nations" from the last chapter of Revelation. More than forty-five of the congregation stayed for the picnic supper on the church lawn.

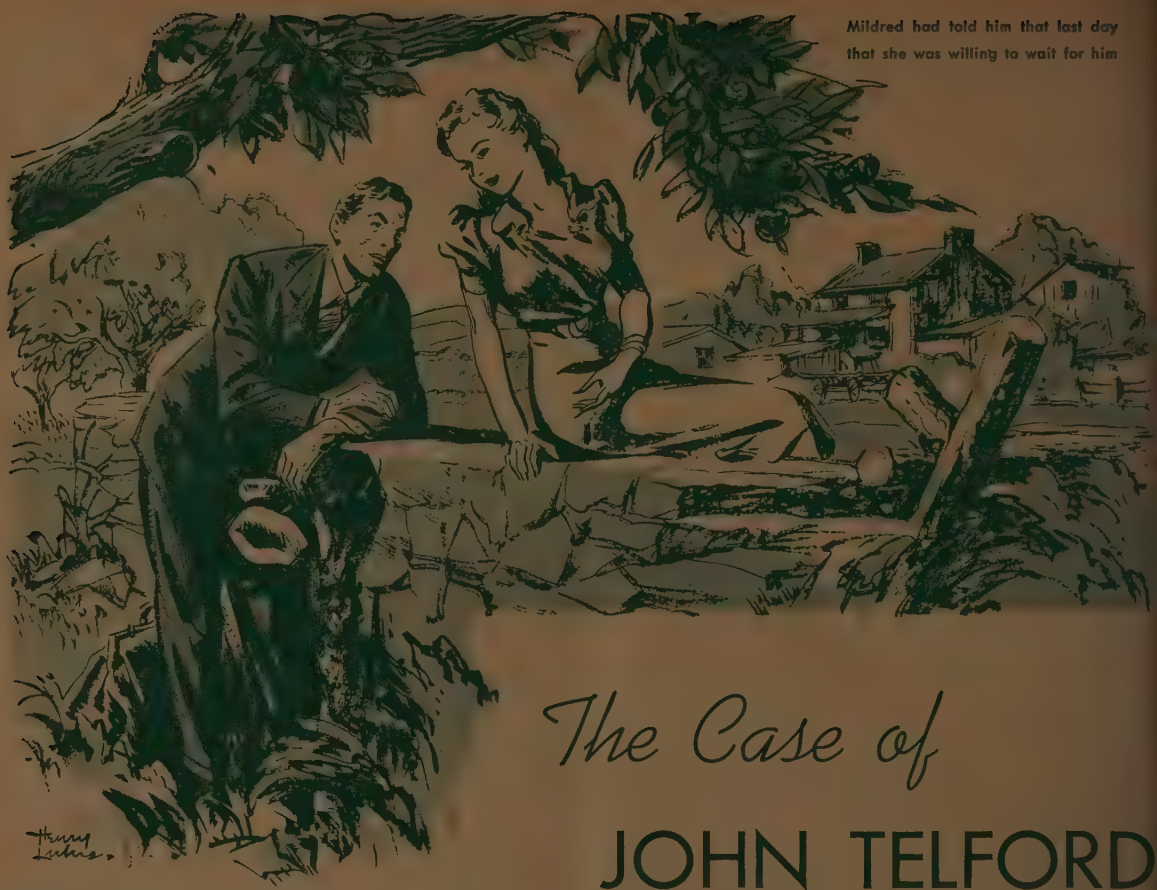
On September 29th, Moms and I were down in Virginia at Hampton. In the early Sunday forenoon, I spoke to an adult Bible class—yes, sir, an adult Bible class meeting at the same time as a Sunday School in an Episcopal Church! Who ever heard tell of such a thing! The young of that church cannot say that they are getting too old to go to Sunday School for there are the old folks themselves right up there on the platform of the assembly room, in plain sight of everybody. It's all in the leadership—in this case a wonderful woman who puts her heart and soul right into it. So of course things just have to move.

At half past eleven and in the evening I preached at Hampton Institute for colored youth. It is a regular college now with every attendant a high school graduate. How attentive and quiet they all were, what a wonderful vested choir of sixty voices; and how they all sang! At the evening service, with nearly 1500 people present, how they sang spirituals! It seemed to me that it was the most beautiful singing and harmony the Country Preacher had ever heard. Colored folk just can't sing out of harmony, I am told, and I guess it is so. Two of the students had charge of the evening meeting in the great auditorium—the boy making the prayer and the girl reading the scripture. Either effort would have done credit to any clergyman.

Speaking of free suppers and remembering I was going to say something about our fan mail, hear what this woman writes: "Personally I stopped going to church because in a large family I could not meet the call for donations that came in. Imagine furnishing a cake or salad, then seeing that seven people are clean and properly clothed, and paying thirty-five cents each for their supper, or $2.45! I gave up." And to the country preacher's mind so many with their large families have had to give up for the same reason that many of the churches find themselves in the fix they are in today.

Today's mail had three requests to speak and so it goes. The next real trip will be to Geneva, New York, and we'll tell you about that next time.

George B. Gilbert.



Mildred had told him that last day that she was willing to wait for him

The Case of JOHN TELFORD

By Charles Hanson Towne

WHEN John Telford entered the third-floor-back hall bedroom which he had rented with his last penny only a week before, he was grateful to get out of the November rain. In torrents it was coming down, and the wind was blowing furiously through the streets, making of the gutters little overflowing rivers. His shoes were soaking wet, and what was left of the soles could not possibly be saved much longer. He had no overcoat, and his thin serge suit clung to his youthful body, almost revealing his ribs. His thick brown hair was outrageously soaked, for he had no hat. "Any port in a storm," he had whispered to himself as he climbed the stairs.

Instantly he began to strip his clothing from him. A hot bath might save him from pneumonia; but at four o'clock in the afternoon there was only tepid water in Mrs. Mason's house. Still, the tepid bath revived his falling spirits. He couldn't get into that wet suit, however, until it was thoroughly dried, and that would take several hours. The only sane thing to do, then, was to get into bed and remain there until he could venture forth once more after the storm.

As he lay under the warm blanket he thought of his desperate state. He was of that vast army which invades New York full of hope and courage, seeking within the city all that it holds of rainbow promises. His parents had died when he was very young, up there in Connecticut, and an aunt had taken him under her wing when he worked his way through a small college and was ready, he thought, to fight the good fight and earn a decent living. And then —Aunt Tillie had passed on, leaving him the cottage where he had grown up with her. He sold it for a pittance—in the trying period of the depression no property could be sold for what it was worth. A thousand dollars was all he could get for it, and the payments had to be taken in driblets. Little enough to start the youth on his way. The times were sadly out of joint. There was nothing for him in the hamlet of East Cornfield, and the siren city beckoned. But how hard it had been to leave the only home he had ever known; how harder yet to leave Mildred Stokes, whom he had thought he could gain as his wife.

Mildred! How often he had thought of her after he came down to the shining metropolis. He wrote to her regularly after he found a job with a real estate company on Murray Hill. Only eighteen dollars a week, but with the meager checks for the house coming in—irregularly—he was doing remarkably well, he told her, for a country lad. Would she wait for him until he was well established? He had no right to make such a request, since things were still uncertain; but she had told him, that last day in the orchard that she was willing to wait —Mildred, who was lovelier than a rose, the daughter of a prosperous doctor in Denbrook, four miles from East Cornfield. They had been children together, and when he had gone to college, he had seen her each summer, laughed with her, gone to parties with her, proud that such a girl seemed to care very much for him. They were destined for one another, he always said to her, and she to him. What were a few years of waiting?

But within six months the real estate firm went out of business. No profits. Everyone hard pressed for funds. Taxes going up, property going down in value. And finally, the closed doors of Ringwald & Stebbins. All over the city it was the same. And of course, in that very month when John was out of work, the final small payment due on the house a

East Cornfield failed to materialize; and what little John had saved out of his small wages was fast disappearing.

He trod the streets. He knew no one except the few acquaintances he had made with the real estate concern. But they had vanished, like ghosts. He was hungry. And lonely. It is a terrible thing to be in a great city and have no friends—not even any acquaintances. He could nod to his fellow lodgers when he met them on the stairs, and he could say good morning to Mrs. Mason; but he dreaded meeting her today, for he had got down to his last dollar. He knew she was not running a charitable institution. Like all landladies in New York she sometimes had difficulty in collecting what was owing to her. If John lost this little haven, where would he sleep, and where could he possibly eat?

As he lay there in bed, the rain abated after about two hours. His clothing had partially dried, but his shoes were like pasteboard. However, he managed to put them on, and though his coat and trousers still clung to his body, he decided to go out. Somehow, he must get something to eat.

He hoped against hope that Mrs. Mason would not hear him as he crept from his small room; but no such luck was for him.

"Your rent's due," a cold voice came to him; and there, at the door, like a female Cerberus, stood the massive figure of his landlady.

"Could I give you fifty cents on account?" John wanted to know.

A grim smile came over the face of Mrs. Mason. "You've got a nerve!" she exclaimed.

"But I *must* eat tonight, Mrs. Mason. Please trust me for a day or two. Surely I'll get work, and then I'll pay you—I promise."

Mrs. Mason had entrenched herself. She had no idea of letting him slip out. "Oh, they all say that!" she uttered, with biting irony. "You can't get away with that stuff here. Come, give me all you have in your pocket." And she reached out her hand.

"It's only a dollar," he told her, truthfully. And she saw that he had dug far down in his pocket and no coins jingled there. Better a single tattered bill than nothing. She clutched it eagerly, and then allowed her lodger to pass through the door. "But don't forget that you still owe me three dollars," she said.

The rain had been followed by bitter cold, and now the streets were slippery. Mrs. Mason's house was on the upper west side, and as John saw the trolleys sliding by, he longed to take one—anything to get out of the cold; but of course that was impossible. A blast, foretelling winter weather, struck him in the face, and he shivered. He looked like an ordinary tramp as he crept along, buffeting the wind. Like an ordinary tramp unless you had looked into his eyes. Ah! his eyes had not yet lost their country innocence. Something was in them of those cool orchards he had left behind; of those simple gardens in which, as a child, he had played. The city cannot rob one of everything. John's purity of spirit remained with him. Mrs. Mason must have seen and intuitively known this—she who was so used to peering into the faces of the poor who sought her door. This young man was no outcast—yet. He was simply on the down grade, she realized, and he might be one of the few who would triumphantly battle with Fate. If John had known it, she was a little ashamed that she had taken his last dollar from him. And yet she salved her conscience by remembering how often she had been cheated. There was little time for sympathy in her grim life. If you were too kind you would always be defrauded. She had come to look upon every lodger as a potential rascal.

There was a rotisserie on Amsterdam avenue. People were going in through the swinging door, and John could see the waiter showing them to cozy tables. But the spit in the window, on which a succulent chicken was turning, dripping its juice into a shining pot, made John desire to break the glass and press his teeth into this delectable bird. How hungry he was! And how he longed for just one titbit—just one. He stood before the intervening glass. All of heaven seemed to be behind it. Then, hopelessly, he turned away. He couldn't stand the sight of that crisp, slowly browning chicken. His poor mouth watered as he wandered forlornly down the street. He felt that if he had stood there an instant longer he would have crumpled to the sidewalk.

And he thought of Mildred. What was she doing now, and what if she had known of his dire need? Was she sitting before a warm and glowing fire up there in the clean sweet country, or was she sitting at the piano singing some of the old songs he had loved so well? But he must not brood on such things. He braced himself. He was down—but he wasn't out. Something would happen to change the rough path he was treading. He was not the only unfortunate being in this vast city. "He who marks the sparrow's fall"—ah! He knew.

A woman carrying many packages came out of the next side street. A thought came to John Telford. Do I dare ask her if I can help her? he said to himself. She looked like a most respectable person; but if he addressed her she might call a policeman. You just couldn't speak to strangers in a place like New York. But in his dire need, that is exactly what he did.

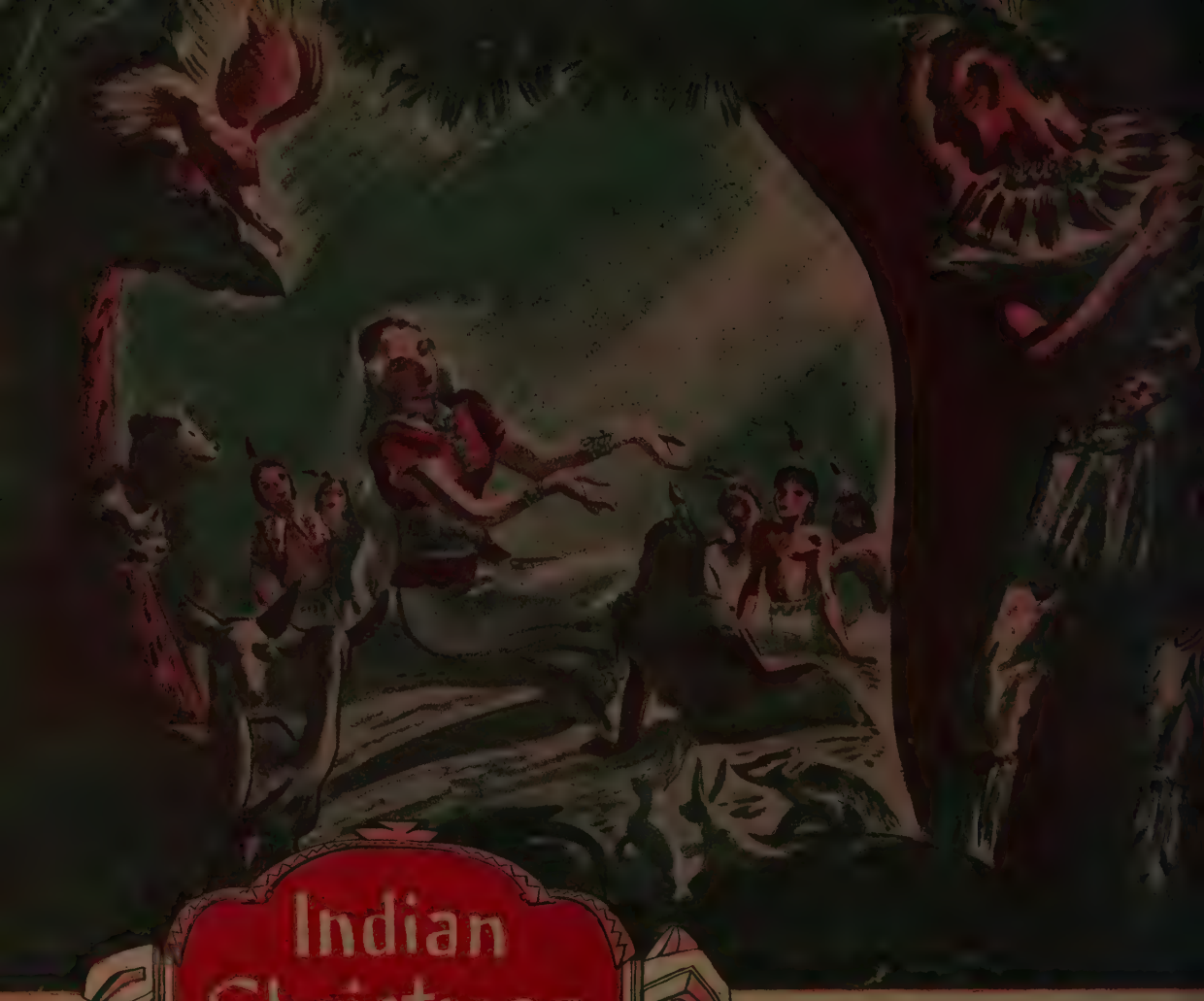
"May I assist you?" he said in a low, patient voice. And she answered exactly what he had feared she would answer. "Go away! How dare you! If you don't, I'll call a policeman!"

Sick at heart, John turned away. There were almost tears in his eyes. He couldn't run—he was too weak to do that; but he walked as rapidly as he could. His boldness had frightened him. It revealed to

(Continued on page 46)

HENRY LUHRS *Illustrator*

The gentleman was standing over him, offering him food. "Why, you fainted," he said



Indian Christmas Legend

THEN ONE DAY HE COULDN'T HELP W
SOME CHILDREN A DREAMLIKE STOR

By

Wallace Havelock Robb

A Christmas legend of a Red Man's Cross, which was found at "Abbey Dawn Sanctuary" in Ontario

IT WAS in the days of "Vineland," a thousand years ago, that Viking ships came up out of the far Laurentian Sea into the River of the Iroquois and even unto the Bay of Quinté.

Several ships remained on the Quinté for a season or two at Day-Say-Ronth-You (meaning "Thunder and Lightning"), and the White Folk told the Indians about Jesus and a beautiful story of the starry night when Christ was born.

Day-Say-Ronth-You was an Iroquois place, but, there being no war in the land, curiosity brought Algonquins from afar to see these Vikings and their ships like white swans from another world.

So, there came a young Algonquin Chieftain, whose brow was noble, and whose look was the light of the rising sun. He sat apart, alone, and heard no word of Jesus, until, one day, he couldn't help watching and hearing a charming white maiden telling some children a dreamlike story in his own tongue, and slyly looking his way, knowing that he was listening. It was about a Manitou Child born on a bed of boughs beneath a mystic star. His eyes grew soft with wonder. Silently he drew nearer, listening with enchantment in his heart. His gaze was long upon her, and her lovely voice was as the sweet and soothing sound of many bluebirds in migration.

Then a strange thing happened: he loved this Viking maid with an overwhelming passion of divine purity and vision! He arose, silenced her with a gesture, and named her Inashia—Mino Inashia—meaning, "You inspire me to good actions."

She was captivated, heart and soul, when he transposed for her the White Man's tale of the birth of Jesus, retelling it to the children in the Red Man's way. His magnetic power made her afraid, but his wild radiance persuaded her—and she loved him. On the spur of the moment he told her that his name was Ina-

ARING A CHARMING WHITE MAIDEN TELLING TONGUE AND SLYLY LOOKING HIS WAY

kona—"My voice is her light."

Perhaps she loved him because he walked the forest with the stride and stature of the serried pines, and had, also, a power of soft expression. "Inashia!" he would half sing to her. And she loved him.

One morning, early in September, Inakona held Inashia prisoner, demanding a song; so, she sang, extemporizing playfully as she went along, and teasing him with the laughter he loved:

All the raucous crows laugh,
"Caw, caw, caw, caw!"
All the noisy boys laugh,
"Haw, haw, haw, haw!"

Gloomy owls at night laugh,
"Ko, o-o, ko, o!"
Big, fat, jolly men laugh,
"Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

But maidens laugh so merrily,
Verily, verily, verily,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, merrily,
Like a bluebird song. . . .
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

THERE APPEARED A STAR THAT BRIGHTLY SHONE

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

GLOSSARY

Laurentian Sea—The Gulf of St. Lawrence
River of the Iroquois—St. Lawrence River
Beebon—Winter
Vineland—The name which the Vikings gave to northeastern United States and Canada
Quaver Owl—Screech Owl
Mino—Good
Manitou—God
Anang—A Star
Wabanong—Eastern Star.

When she ran away, her laughter fading with her, Inakona stood looking over the water, unseeing, entranced.

Thus things went; but soon thereafter, and with promises to come back, perchance the following year, the Vikings descended to the sea.

"I'll return, oh, my beloved!" echoed long across the water.

Wistful was the lingering of Inakona, but Indian Summer moved him to start the long trail to his far Algonquin home.

Winter came to Inakona's people and with it the long evening fire, in the glow of which he let fall upon their ears the story of a Moon of Beebon's Mighty Star, his version of Inashia's story:

Gwengowea, virgin maid of the Algonquins, dreamed that she had been the bride of the Thunderbird, the winged Spirit of Light from the clouds, and that she would bring forth a Child—a Manitou of Peace unto all men. Her people were at war with the Iroquois, and she was afraid.

It was winter—the Moon of Beebon—and spring would be fearsome. Gwengowea must seek safety in a far land of peace, dangerous though the journey would be. She would go on snowshoes, alone and unseen—but how? Her name gave her the answer, Gwengowea, "The Little Owl!" Usually the quaver owl is gray, but, once, she had seen a pure white one, an albino. Ah! The snow-white Gwengowea! She would dress in white fur—pass unseen upon the snow. So, she did, and got away safely.

One afternoon, as the shadows of waning day deepened to warning blue, and the sun was no longer warm to her back, she came upon a great, snow-covered spruce tree, her shelter for the night; and there, on a snowy bough before her, silent and motionless, sat an albino squirrel, white as dawn-down snow, its red eyes reflecting the setting sun with unearthly fire—and gazing into hers!

Her heart was troubled, for the ghost squirrel held a wildrose apple, fruit of a tangle of thorns, red like fire against the snow!

Something would happen. Something must come to pass, surely, something beautiful— but what? The weirdness of the white! The thought of thorn! The red of rose twice over, told in rosen eyes uncommon burning red! What could these things portend?

She slept and dreamed in wonder at the sign.

Not long thereafter, Gwengowea entered a friendly village, for it was near her time. Their longhouse was already too filled for comfort, but she was permitted to rest in a stable lodge with some captive deer in whose big, soft eyes there twinkled the light of a Magic Star, shining through a large smoke-hole in the roof, and illuminating the interior. Thus, in this place, warmed by the bodies of the gentle deer, The Manitou of Peace was born to man-most-wild. . . .

Indian Orators knew the potency of fitting pause, so Inakona stood silent in the fitful light—thinking:

"Starry Night, Holy Night, Star of the East!" Inashia used to sing; and the young Chieftain had listened and echoed, "Anangoka! Starry Night! Anang Wabanong—Mino Wabanong—The Good Sign in the East!" For he loved Inashia and her song of the Three Wise Men and the shepherds who watched their flocks by night. So, now, breaking the silence to continue again, he sang for his people this song of Three Chieftains fishing in a pool in the ice, huddled together with heads down!

(Continued on page 52)

Demure angels of crêpe paper, cardboard, cotton and cellophane transform ordinary jelly glasses into gifts de luxe

TEN BEST SELLERS

From Christmas Food Bazaars Around America

By Clementine Paddleford

FIFTY-TWO women from nineteen states answered the Church Housekeeping Bureau's call for quick selling bazaar specialties. Here we give ten of the best recipes with the pictures of the finished products and one recipe that promises a fine marmalade but came too late for us to make a batch and have its picture taken.

Mrs. John Paul Jones, contributor of this sweet, writes: "The recipe came from California twenty-eight years ago and makes the best marmalade I have ever eaten. It produces a clear jelly in which tender pieces of the fruit are suspended. What's more, it is not cloyingly sweet—but just right." It was in 1938 when Mrs. Jones was Chairman of the "Festival of Booths" planned by the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Joplin, Mo., that her marmalade proved itself a ready money-maker.

To attract all eyes to the marmalade table Mrs. Jones built a pyramid centerpiece of oranges and lemons, the most colorful specimens she could find. Around the pyramid she twined realistic paper orange blossoms. All this to indicate without sales chatter that the marmalade was made of pure fruits. Containers of clear glass, large, small and medium, with gay stickers circled the table. Mrs. Jones' special labels showed ingenuity. She printed them with cheerful rhymes. Here is one example written to a Sick-a-bed Lady: "Boiled way down in this orange jell, is a great big wish that you'll soon be well." Orders were wrapped with cellophane and fastened with gummed ribbon and a card attached with any sentiment the buyer wished to express. The booth was opened but two hours, yet the stock was sold. Orders amounting to $11.00 were taken for future delivery.

Best Selling Marmalade

3 SUNKIST ORANGES
2 LEMONS
11 CUPS WATER
11 CUPS SUGAR

Slice fruit, thin. Remove ends, blemishes, seeds. Use fine food chopper for grinding. Add 11 cups cold water. Let stand 24 hours. Cook 45 minutes and let stand another 24 hours. Add 11 cups sugar and cook 45 minutes or a little longer. Test as you do in jelly making. When 2 drops drip from the spoon, pour into hot sterilized glasses, cool, then seal with paraffin.

Illinois Dark Fruit Cake

2 POUNDS CURRANTS
2 POUNDS SEEDLESS RAISINS
½ POUND CHOPPED CANDIED PINEAPPLE
½ POUND CHOPPED CANDIED CHERRIES
1 POUND CHOPPED CANDIED CITRON
2 CUPS SHERRY OR FRUIT JUICE
2 CUPS SHORTENING
2 CUPS SUGAR
¾ CUP GRAPE JELLY (6 OZ. GLASS)
12 EGGS
4½ CUPS SIFTED FLOUR
½ TEASPOON SALT
1 TABLESPOON CINNAMON
2 TEASPOONS ALLSPICE
½ TEASPOON NUTMEG
2 TEASPOONS CLOVES
1 POUND CHOPPED BLANCHED ALMONDS
1½ POUNDS BROKEN PECANS
2 TABLESPOONS VANILLA

Combine fruits, add sherry or fruit juice. Cover and let stand over night. Sift flour, spices and salt together three times. Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add jelly and mix thoroughly.

Beat eggs and add to creamed mixture alternately with flour mixture. Add nuts and fruits, a small amount at a time. Add flavoring. Bake in greased paper-lined loaf pan in slow oven (300 to 325° F.). Bake large cakes 3 hours. Small individual cakes (2½" x 4") are baked 1 hour. Cool cakes in pans. When cold, glaze and garnish with nuts and candied fruits. Yield: 20 small fruit cakes.

Florida Bread

2 TABLESPOONS SHORTENING
4 TABLESPOONS SUGAR
1 EGG
2 CUPS CAKE FLOUR
3 TEASPOONS PHOSPHATE BAKING POWDER
1 TEASPOON SALT
1 CUP ORANGE JUICE
1 TEASPOON GRATED ORANGE RIND
1 CUP CHOPPED NUTMEATS

Beat shortening, sugar and egg until blended. Add the flour sifted with the baking powder and salt. Add orange juice and grated rind. Beat until smooth and add nutmeats. Turn into a greased bread pan and bake in a slow oven.

Missouri Chocolate Fudge

4 TABLESPOONS BUTTER
3 SQUARES BITTER CHOCOLATE
3 CUPS SUGAR
1 TABLESPOON CORN SYRUP
1 CUP MILK
2 TEASPOONS VANILLA EXTRACT
⅔ CUP CHOPPED NUT MEATS

Melt butter and chocolate over very low heat. Add sugar, syrup and milk. Stir gently until boiling point is reached and boil, stirring occasionally, until a

small amount dropped in cold water will form a soft ball. Remove candy from fire and let stand until cool. Add vanilla and nut meats, and beat with a wooden spoon until candy begins to stiffen. Turn immediately into a heat resistant glass utility dish 10½ x 6½", and mark in squares. Sell the fudge in the dish as two-in-one gift.

Vermont Fruit Cake

1 CUP BUTTER
2½ CUPS BROWN SUGAR
4 EGGS
3¾ CUPS FLOUR
3 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER
½ TEASPOON SODA
1 TEASPOON SALT
2 TEASPOONS CINNAMON
1 TEASPOON NUTMEG
½ TEASPOON CLOVES
2 CUPS FRESH CRANBERRIES, HALVED
1½ CUPS SEEDLESS RAISINS
1½ CUPS CURRANTS
½ CUP CHOPPED MIXED CANDIED PEEL
1 CUP SHREDDED [illegible]
1 CUP SHREDDED ALMONDS
GRATED RIND 1 LEMON
1¼ CUPS FRUIT JUICE (CRANBERRY, PINEAPPLE OR ORANGE)

Blend butter and sugar until light and creamy. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat well between each addition. Sift dry ingredients together and mix with fruit, nuts and lemon rind. Add, alternately with fruit juice, to first mixture. Transfer batter to greased and floured glass baking dishes. Decorate tops with whole cranberries, shredded almonds, angelica. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) 3 hours. Yield: 5 pounds of fruit cake.

Butterscotch Bran Cookies

1 CUP BUTTER
2 CUPS BROWN SUGAR
1 EGG
1 CUP ALL-BRAN
3 CUPS FLOUR
2 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER

Cream butter; add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Stir in all-bran. Sift flour with baking powder and work into first mixture, a small amount at a time. Knead and shape into rolls about 1½ inches in diameter; wrap in waxed paper, covering the ends so that dough will not dry out. Store in refrigerator until firm. Cut into thin slices and bake on ungreased cookie sheets in moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 10 minutes. Yield: 7½ dozen cookies (2 inches in diameter).

P. S. "My bonnie lies inside the cookie-jar"— is the theme song in any household once the word gets around that they're butterscotch.

Cape Cod Spiced Cranberries

2½ CUPS SUGAR
½ CUP WATER
2 2-INCH STICKS CINNAMON
1 TEASPOON WHOLE CLOVES
2 TABLESPOONS LEMON JUICE
GRATED RIND 1 LEMON
1 POUND (4 CUPS) FRESH CRANBERRIES

Combine sugar, water, spices, lemon juice and rind and boil together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook slowly, without stirring, until all the skins pop open. Seal in sterilized jars or chill for immediate serving. Yield: 1 quart relish.

Cape Cod Cranberry Pie

2 CUPS SUGAR
2 TABLESPOONS FLOUR
¼ TEASPOON SALT
⅓ CUP WATER
1 POUND (4 CUPS) FRESH CRANBERRIES
GRATED RIND ½ LEMON
2 TABLESPOONS MELTED BUTTER
PIE PASTRY

Mix sugar, flour and salt together; add water and heat until sugar is melted. Add cranberries and cook slowly until skins pop open. Add lemon rind and butter. Cool slightly, but do not stir. Pour into pastry lined 8-inch pie plate. Cover with crisscross pastry and brush top with milk. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes.

Michigan Filled Cookies

1½ CUPS CHOPPED DATES
⅓ CUP SUGAR
2 TABLESPOONS WATER
2 TABLESPOONS ORANGE JUICE
1 TABLESPOON GRATED ORANGE RIND

★ ★ ★

1 CUP SHORTENING
1 CUP BROWN SUGAR
3½ CUPS FLOUR
2 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER
½ TEASPOON SALT
½ CUP WATER
½ TEASPOON VANILLA
2 CUPS CORN FLAKES

Combine dates, sugar, water, orange juice, and grated orange rind; cook until soft paste is formed.

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with water and flavoring to first mixture. Stir in coarsely rolled corn flakes. Chill. Roll dough to about ⅛ inch in thickness. Cut with floured cookie cutter; spread one round with filling and put a second round on top, pressing edges together. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 12 minutes. Yield: 36 cookies 2½ inches in diameter).

Ohio Steamed Walnut Brown Bread

1 CUP SOFT BREAD CRUMBS
1½ CUPS MILK
½ CUP MOLASSES
1 TEASPOON SALT
1 CUP WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR
1 CUP CORN MEAL
2 TEASPOONS BAKING SODA
1 CUP ROLLED OATS
¾ CUP WATER
1 CUP BROKEN WALNUT KERNELS

Soak bread crumbs in the milk. When soft, rub crumbs and milk through strainer and add molasses, and the salt; next add whole wheat flour, corn meal and soda, which have been sifted together; the rolled oats and the water. Blend well and add walnut kernels. Fill 4 well-greased 1-pound baking powder cans ⅔ full and cover tightly with greased covers. Steam for 2 hours in a deep covered kettle with the cans on a trivet and boiling water half way up around the cans. Keep water boiling throughout entire cooking period and replenish as needed. When done, unmold. To loosen, run a spatula between the bread and the sides of the can. Serve hot or cold, as preferred. Yield: 4 small loaves.

SEE PAGE SIXTY-ONE

For information about the new project of the *Christian Herald* Cooking Schools. For the first time in history these schools will enter the Middle West—Ohio in January, Indiana in February, Illinois in March. You'll have a good time and make money for your church if you get one of these schools. For details, see page 61.

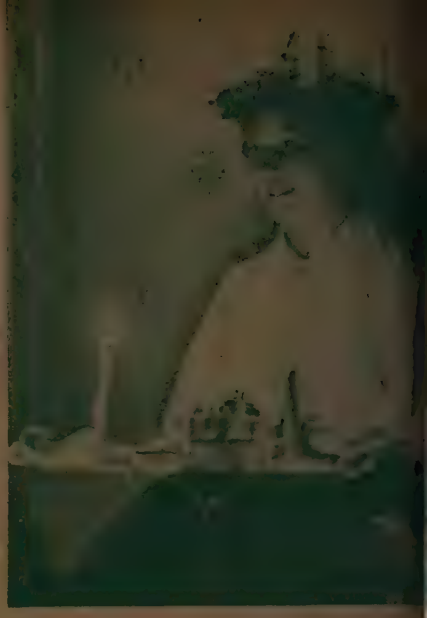
Glaze for Fruit Cakes

1 CUP SUGAR
½ CUP CORN SYRUP
½ CUP WATER

Combine ingredients and cook until mixture forms a thick syrup. Cool. Spread on cake. While moist, arrange garnish of candied fruits and nuts. When firm, wrap cakes in moisture-proof cellophane or store in covered containers.

(Continued on page 51)

Christmas morning at Spanga Church, Sweden. Note the lighted candles on the graves



Golden-haired Lucia, with her crown of lighted candles

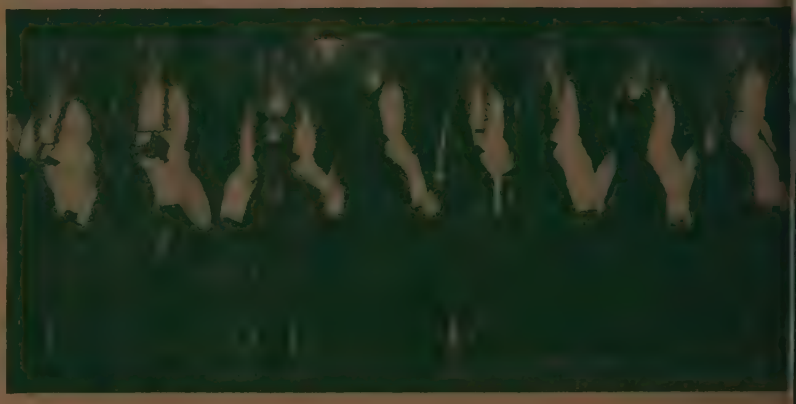
Swedish Christmas

By NANCY RICHEY RANSON

HOW would you like to be awakened before daylight on a cold December morning by a golden-haired maiden dressed in white, a crimson sash round her waist and a wreath of lingon leaves on her head supporting lighted candles? Her appearance on December 13th, Saint Lucia's Day, with light in the darkness and gifts of steaming coffee and freshly baked bread or sweet rolls, would symbolize the beginning of Christmas—that is, if you were in Sweden. For the Swedes open their Yuletide festivities with the appearance of Saint Lucia, or the Lucia Bride, as she also is known. Often she is accompanied on her rounds by bakers' boys, bearing trays of Lussekatter (Lucia cats), yellow with saffron, with raisin eyes.

Saint Lucia on this occasion would be a young girl of the household, but she must under no circumstances be called by her own given name during the rites. She is the spirit of Christmas, dispersing darkness and bearing gifts. She typifies another Lucia, who in 300 A. D. dedicated herself to Christianity and spent her marriage dower to buy food and drink for the poor.

As you enjoy Lucia's gifts, as you are warmed by the scalding coffee and refreshed by the superb buns and rolls that are the pride of Swedish cooks, your thoughts naturally turn to Christmas and its spirit, to the light that the Christmas Babe brought to a dark world. Peace descends upon you. Like the Swedes, you are ready to forget old feuds, to forgive wrong, to adjust any quarrel you may have with someone. You remember, too, that this day is the "turn of the year," and that hereafter days will be a little longer.



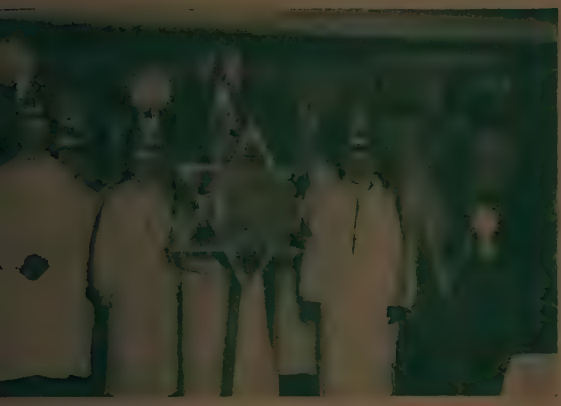
Attendants who follow the "bride" at the Lucia festival, December 13

Of course by Saint Lucia's Day, all of your important work for the year will have been done. If you are a member of a Swedish rural household that will include threshing, spinning, weaving. If you are not, just don't forget the cleaning and scrubbing, the baking and boiling, the wood brought in and piled in every conceivable place. Every possible task must be finished by December 13th. Christmas is a quiet time, a holy season of worship, of family gatherings, and of feasting and gift-bearing.

Not only does every Swedish home have its Christmas season ushered in by Lucia, but the churches, as well. Following early services on December 13, young women's societies as a group refresh the worshipers with hot coffee, the greatly enjoyed Lussekatter, or other Christmas dainties borne in on trays. As in the home, these young girls wear lighted candles on their heads. Young girls also visit the prisons, so that those confined there may begin their celebration in the traditional way.

In Stockholm, and other large centers, there is a Lucia parade, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, or groups of business men, just as are our own Santa Claus parades before Christmas. Like the queen of a festival, Lucia appears, with an array of ladies-in-waiting, or maids, likewise wearing the spectacular candles in shining glory on their heads.

Lighting the Christmas candles in a Swedish home



Swedish "Star boys" go from home to home singing carols

Girls ready to carry good gifts and light

And, as in the Santa Claus parades, all who hitherto may not have caught the Christmas spirit, are imbued with it as they watch the lovely Lucias, forerunners of returning light. Often they ride horses, and are followed by gnomes and fairies, bearing torches.

The Christmas baking is so important and so lavish that every house seems to overflow with cakes and cookies. One recipe in the book, Good Foods from Sweden, by Inga Norberg, gives the number of cookies from this single recipe as 140. Perhaps a dozen other kinds will be made. Ingrid Wetterstrom, writing in the American Swedish Monthly on "Baking for Christmas," goes into the meaning of shapes as well as kinds of cookies. She lists vört-bröd, made from new, unfermented beer, as the bread of breads, common throughout the country since time immemorial. Then, besides saffron bread, there are frilled and pink loaves, rye bread, lingonbulla, flavored with lingonberry juice and syrup, buttermilk bread, and the white bread of Dalarna, made of wheat flour and milk.

Cookies and buns often appear in wheel-shaped and S-scrolls, designs used centuries ago by the Vikings. One cookie has four wheel-like Viking scrolls, and a cross in the center, representing the coming of Christianity and the Cross to the Scandinavian peoples. One cookie design is known as "the clergyman's hair"—composed of many rolls hanging down, as from a pate, ending in individual curls.

Another favorite is "the church door," semi-Gothic, one might say, in design. The Christmas goat, Julbock, who brings the presents, is as popular as a cook, (usually a ginger cookie,) as he is in straw, a Christmas decoration on mantels and tables. He may have been Thor's goat of old Norse mythology, or he may have come into the Yuletide celebrations with Christianity and merely represent Satan captured by the horns by St. Nicholas. Anyway, he seems to have been converted to an extremely joyful purpose by the Swedes. Greatly cherished by the farmers, in fairly recent times, was the sokaka, or "sowing cake." Bearing both the scrolls and the cross, it was saved from Christmas until time for the spring planting, when it was thrown in front of the plow with a prayer for a plentiful crop.

Not only has the abundant supply of cakes, cookies and breads been prepared in advance of Christmas, but the "lutfisk" has gone into its lye bath. This delicacy, served only at this season, is sun-dried codfish, given numerous rinsings in clear water after its lye bath. It finally reaches the holiday table in a cream sauce, served with boiled potatoes, or with peas and drawn butter.

The real feast day is Christmas Eve, December 24th, the Swedish Julafton. At noon on that day every member of the household—master, mistress, children, guests, and servants—participates in the ancient rite, "doppa i grytan," which translates into "dip in the pot." During the morning the Christmas ham (another favorite and famous item on the menu), sausages and corned beef have been boiling. They are thoroughly done now, appetizing, fragrant and steaming hot. Members of the household enter the kitchen with forks in their hands, each fork holding on its prongs a piece of wört-bread. One by one, the celebrants dip their forks into the liquor in which the Christmas meats were boiled, then eat this bread, with some of the hot meat, "for luck."

For this ceremony the kitchen has been gaily decorated with colored tissue paper garlands. Its dimness has become bright with many lighted candles. Fresh straw is strewn on the scrubbed floor. Was it not straw that lay on the floor of the stable where the Christ Child was born? And this feast commemorates His birth.

In some homes juniper boughs are substituted for the straw. It was a juniper tree, you remember, that turned its branches downward to the ground to shelter the Holy Family during the Flight into Egypt, and to hide them from Herod's hotly pursuing soldiers.

Glögg, a hot spiced drink, containing almonds and raisins, also ushers in the Christmas feast. A match is struck to it, and the flames rise through a sieve holding lumps of sugar, melting them into the liquid below. All drink, calling "god Jul," (Happy Yuletide). Then laughter, joking, even verses. Each one takes a plate to the smörgasbord table. It is a "groaning board" indeed. At Christmas time it may offer a choice, or choices, from fifty or seventy-five different dishes. There is the lutfisk, of course, the Christmas ham, a boar's head, apple in mouth, prunes and apple slices arranged on the dish, there are delectable Swedish sausages, roast goose with prunes, lingon berries stewed in a syrup. In fact, there is any dish a person might desire—herring, anchovies, bread, cheese, butter in various little curlicues and delectable shapes. Everyone fills a plate, empties it, returns to the table for another, empties that, and goes back again.

The crowning dish is gröt, a rich rice

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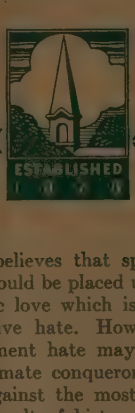
EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



FOR THE DEFENSE OF FREEDOM

A Summary and Conclusion

THE great hunger of man and his supreme quest is for security—not for selfish living but for security of opportunity, security in quest of the abundant life. Youth and age, labor and business, the individual and society, want security.

Peace is the goal of man today—a lasting, world peace because without peace there can be no security. *Christian Herald* has made clear its peace formula. Also, from time to time *Christian Herald* has declared its support of policies and principles for America's defense.

Christian Herald believes that to the last and bitter last America should remain out of armed conflict. We also believe that Britain should have our utmost moral and material support, and that this support can only be maintained and accelerated by our remaining a non-combatant. We are not and never have been neutral in thought.

Christian Herald stands for the maximum of national preparedness, which must be first moral and spiritual. Delay is another form of defeatism.

Christian Herald believes the conscientious objector has his worthy contribution to make and that the recognition of his status in the selective service law is a direct contribution to national efficiency and unity. Civil liberties must be maintained. Freedom must not be allowed to lapse or we shall destroy that which we defend while we are defending it.

Christian Herald believes in a physical defense, in the application of the police principle which we accept for community protection to the whole nation and to international relationships. Certainly there is a difference, but the difference is in particulars and not in principle.

Christian Herald believes that spiritually the emphasis should be placed upon positive and dynamic love which is the opposite of destructive hate. However powerful at the moment hate may appear, love is the ultimate conqueror.

Britain prevails against the most destructive physical assault of history not because the British hate Germans, but because above all other emotions they have come to see and love that which is transcendently dearer than human existence. As one man of Britain has written, "We haven't any time to hate Germans or curse Hitler. It takes all our time to keep ourselves fit to live and perhaps die for something more glorious than life." At last the spirit wins over the machine and man becomes master of the things he has made.

Christian Herald believes that the ultimate test of an adequate program for national defense will be its plan to win and perfect the peace. Peace with justice is man's ultimate goal, but peace is something infinitely precious. It has a price that America never yet has been willing to offer.

Public sentiment must be organized now in support of a sacrificial peace program. While it should be a program for peace it would be for nations at war and it would be for America, should a war of defense come ever to us, the only program not containing the seeds of the next conflict. That such a peace program would be timely, not only for America but that it would arrest and enhearten democratic peoples whose cause is our own, recent reports from Britain make clear.

The Peace Pledge Union in England is supported by citizens of intellectual and social worth who give their government unqualified support. In a recent statement of this influential group I find the following:

"If Hitler is to be defeated, we must sooner or later win the German people to our side. Vague allusions to a 'free' Europe, to come at the conclusion of a prolonged war, will not serve to achieve this end. The time has come for plain speaking on our side. We should confront Hitler's peace with our own peace. We should seize the initiative by offering the world a bold and concrete alternative to Hitler's plan which shall strike upon the minds of intelligent human beings as being democracy's answer to a totalitarian Europe. . . . Now, when we are undefeated, when our real power has not been fully tested, when our resources are growing is, we believe, the time when we should tell Germany and the world the terms on which *we* would make peace. We should invite at once the United States and the Americas to join us in agreeing on the minimum basis of a peace settlement as we desire it. Hitler may reject it; he may not. We cannot say. But what matters is that we should fill in the gap which Hitler has left and declare our terms for stopping the war."

Where men are still free to think, the ever-increasing thought is for a comprehensive, constructive, sacrificial peace program. If in England there is so powerful a sense of necessity, so imperative an urge, what shall we say of America?

Clearly, a program of physical defense, however intensified and enlarged, is not enough. We cannot adequately defend America with armies, with barricades, with fleets of the sea and air. As *Christian Herald* has again and again written, the very foundation of all physical defense is moral and spiritual, and that defense must be a moral and spiritual offensive.

Whether we continue in relative peace or eventually are forced into a defensive conflict we should have now a peace objective. Such an objective, that which this nation would declare as the price she would pay to achieve world peace, would comfort the world. It would in principle unite peacemakers of all shades and degrees, without prejudice to their ultimate individual convictions. It would give moral solidarity.

Christian Herald believes that no other campaign, no other program, achieves in timeliness or has the imperative character of, an effort to crystallize American public opinion for such a moral and spiritual offensive. Surely, we have no right, under God no right, to call the sons of the nation to the colors, to equip and train them for conflict and perhaps send them out to die without giving them the reasons and providing them the goal.

National defense? Yes, defense of our civil liberties, the Constitution, our American way of life—and how glorious are all of these, how infinitely worth defending. But with these and beyond these, we must sacrifice to win the peace, to help organize world affairs so that nations shall not again reap the folly of

(Continued on page 60)

Christmas Sermon

The Lowly can win Peace

By Justin Wroe Nixon

JOHN 1:14 "AND THE WORD BECAME FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US (AND WE BEHELD HIS GLORY, GLORY AS OF THE ONLY BEGOTTEN FROM THE FATHER) FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH."

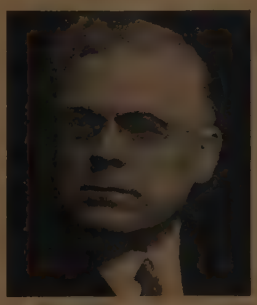
☆

ONCE more Christmas dawns on a world at war. In the opening pages of Thomas Hardy's epic drama "The Dynasts," the Europe of Napoleon's time is represented, seen from a point in space, as a huge creature lying upon its side, with the Spanish peninsula constituting its head, the Alps its backbone, and other mountain chains its ribs. Over this creature swarm the peoples driven thither and yon in helpless despair by events they do not desire but cannot control. No reader can lift his glance from the book before the pain and sorrow of millions caught in the Napoleonic tragedy have penetrated beyond his eyes to paint an unforgettable picture for the gallery of his memory.

But today we behold another catastrophe wrought by war, besides which the sorrow pictured by Hardy seems unimpressive. In Asia and Africa as well as Europe vast multitudes of our fellow human beings suffer hardships and wrongs unimaginable. In our own land hundreds of thousands of our young men, shortly to be summoned from their homes, their plans and their hopes, to serve a nation threatened by armed conflict, are symbols of an almost universal foreboding. The world over the common man, with his dreams blasted, is haunted by the question put to him by a seemingly contemptuous fate, "Little man, what now?"

Such is the world to which Christmas comes, with its wreaths and carols, its lights and music, its gaiety, its gifts and its happy reunions around the family fireside. And to such a world Christmas tells its old, old story, the ultimate source of the almost miraculous Christmas cheer.

The Christmas story is the story of a plain man, one of the common people, who was born ages ago in a far-off land, who filled his brief years so full of kindness and service to his fellows that to the generations since He has seemed nothing less than the unique revelation, yes, the living human presence of God. "The Word," "the Wisdom of God" the early Christians said, had become human so that men knew the goodness and the reality of God (His grace and truth) as they had never known them before. Told first by word of mouth, and then in the pages of the New Testament, and later invested with the poetry, song and legends of many nations the Christmas story has been an inexhaustible spring of joy to all mankind. Today the peoples of the earth, weary of burdens too heavy to be borne, pause for a moment to listen again to the ancient tale of Mary and her Son. What may it tell them that will be to them a source of assurance and of hope in this difficult time?



JUSTIN WROE NIXON

Dr. Nixon is a graduate of Denison University. College preacher at Cornell, Chicago, Yale, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Princeton and other institutions. Lecturer at the Union Theological Seminary, Hartford, Auburn, and the Chicago Theological Seminary. Delegate to the Oxford Conference and one of the four American speakers at the Plenary Sessions. Arbitrator of Labor Disputes, now Chairman of the Dept. of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches. Until recently pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester, N. Y. Now Professor of Christian Theology and Ethics in the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. Most recent book "Protestantism's Hour of Decision."

One great truth at least the Christmas story will tell them—the truth that God, the Ultimate Power of the universe, is accessible to the humblest of earth. This truth is so profound that we can never comprehend it, yet it has been demonstrated so often that we cannot doubt it. Certainly no one could have merely invented it and foisted it upon mankind as a fantasy or a cruel fraud.

This truth is implied in the Magnificat of Mary when she sings,

"He hath put down princes from their thrones
And hath exalted them of low degree
The hungry He hath filled with good things
And the rich He hath sent empty away."

It is embodied in the Babe of Bethlehem. The fact that the supreme revelation of God came, not in some system of philosophy or in some institution, but in a person whom the eyes of men saw and their hands touched, has been a major influence in making the message of Christianity available to all men. Where a philosophy might confuse and an institution repel, the personality of Jesus has won men irresistibly to the God manifested in Him. The revelation was all the more appealing in that it came in its beginnings through the life of a child born among the lowly.

"They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high;
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry."

Moreover the truth that God is accessible to the humblest is supported by the testimony of Paul: "Behold your calling brethren that not many wise . . . not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God chose the foolish things of the world that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world that he might put to shame the things that are strong." The humble of the earth, such were Paul's converts, yet they were called to be "saints," "The holy," the "temples of the Holy Ghost."

It would be difficult to think of any message that has more of assurance and hope in it for the masses of mankind at this moment than the truth pictured for us in the Christmas story. It points those who are in despair to the one unfailing source of comfort which is as available to them as it was to the "forgotten men" of the Mediterranean world in the long ago. It tells them that the God who came in the Babe of Bethlehem, for whom there was "no room in the inn," is no private possession of the powerful, the tyrants who have

(Continued on page 62)

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

DECEMBER, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1

WHERE LOVE IS
"A NEW COMMANDMENT . . . . THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER."
READ JOHN 13:31-38.

TOLSTOY tells of an old cobbler, to whom the conviction came that Christ would visit him. All day he waited. An old soldier, whom he befriended, and a poor woman with her babe, came to his cellar, but no Christ. Yet that night, a brightness filled the room. His beneficiaries seemed to pass before him. He heard a voice. "Dost thou not know Me, Martin?" Then he realized the meaning of the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Let that be our inspiration to serve.

For Thy gracious example, Thy limitless love, help us to love others for Thy dear sake, Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2

SHORT VIEWS
"WHERE IS THY GOD?"
READ PSALM 42:1-5.

THESE are great days for the skeptical. One young critic said, regarding the world and war, "All this proves that God either does not care what goes on, or that Christianity is helpless." Is that so? The world as it is proves neither contention. God does care; and Christianity has not failed. We see what the world is without Christ. Hatred and violence cannot exist alongside Him. God is the Father of all, and men are intended to realize their brotherhood in Him. There was never a time when we needed to proclaim Christ more faithfully.

That Thou art ever the same, in spite of life's trials, we bless Thee. O bring us nearer to Thyself. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3

THE SOLID FOUNDATION
"A CITY WHICH HATH FOUNDATIONS."
READ HEBREWS 11:7-10.

THE world is in a state of change. Old kingdoms have been shaken to their foundations. What seemed immovable is threatened with dissolution. Yet for the believing heart, there is God's providence which brings serenity and strength. When Augustine contemplated the fall of the Roman Empire, he found an antidote to fear by fixing his thoughts on the eternal city of God. And when the feeling of uncertainty sweeps the heart, we can find renewed hope and confidence as we remember that the Eternal God is our refuge, and that there is a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Eternal God, in whom the children of men have put their trust, give us renewed faith in Thyself. Through Jesus our Lord, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4

TODAY IS YOURS
"TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS."
READ PSALM 90:1-12.

THE wisdom of the ancients is not wholly to be despised. Take this word about using the precious opportunities of this hour. "Look well to this day! For it is life—the very life of life. In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of existence: the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. For Yesterday is but a dream, and Tomorrow is yet a vision. Today well lived makes Yesterday a dream of happiness, and every Tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day. Such is the salutation of the dawn."

Give us to feel the glory, and yet the solemnity, of life, that we may use each day to Thy glory, O God, in Christ's name, Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5

HE DIED SINGING
"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."
READ PSALM 27:1-6.

IT MAY seem strange as an epitaph, yet it would well fit the memory of the great Mozart. Knowing that his end was at hand, he desired to hear his "Requiem" once more. Some of his friends came to render it. But that would not satisfy Mozart; he must join in it himself. Softly, and with ineffable beauty, the strains of the immortal composition filled the chamber. And, literally, Mozart died singing. But that suggests a greater thing for us. If we could *live* singing, what witness we would bear to the joy of serving Christ! So, "bless the Lord at all times."

So many our blessings, so great our cause for rejoicing, touch our hearts, O God, that we may live to Thy praise. Through Christ, Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6

WHAT IT TAKES?
"GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEEDS."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:12-20.

HAVE we got what it takes? That question is often asked. It probes our hearts. It reveals the limits of courage and determination. The goal cannot be reached without perseverance. The fight cannot be won without a courageous and resolute heart. The crown cannot be gained without carrying the cross. These days call for a valiant and an unshakeable faith. Have we got what it takes? The Christian may have it. God is more concerned about our progress and achievement than even we are. Let us draw near to Him and claim His promised grace.

Divine Father, who dost give power to the faint and to them that have no might dost increase strength, help us this day through Christ. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7

HEARTS COURAGEOUS
"THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH."
READ GALATIANS 3:4-11.

FOR sheer courage, look at Sidney Lanier. The poet was stricken with an incurable disease. His career was doomed. Yet the real tragedy was that his young family must be left without a provider. Looking from his window over the marshes, his eyes followed the course of a bird. Then he wrote: "As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod, behold, I will build me a nest on the greatness of God. I will

fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies. . . . . I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God." In Him is serenity and strength.

O God, the refuge and strength of Thy people, give us that sublime faith which empowers the soul for life's tasks. In Christ's name, Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8

MUCH IN LITTLE
"THY TESTIMONIES ARE WONDERFUL"
READ PSALM 119:129-136.

A MAN was packing his trunk for a journey. And, naturally, his boy was helping him. "There's not much more room, daddy," said the little fellow. "Well, I still have to get some things in somehow," replied the father. "There are a lamp, compass, guidebook, a mirror, and some weapons. Yes, and a book of poems, some letters, a few biographies and the greatest romance of all time. They must go in." "But, daddy, I told you. The trunk is nearly full already. How can you take all those extra things?" The father picked up his Bible. "They're all here, son." And he was right. The Bible is all that and more.

For the treasury of Thy Word we bless Thee. Help us ever to use its aid for life's journey. Through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9

KEEP TUNED IN
"LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN."
READ PHILIPPIANS 4:4-9.

WITH the longer evenings, the radio returns to favor. But the soul must also keep tuned in to God. That is done through prayer. It has been finely said, "If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody from night, and toss it over continent and sea; if the petaled notes of a violin are blown across a mountain or a city's din; if songs, like crimson roses, are culled from blue air, why should we mortals wonder if God answers prayer?" The unknown author puts the reasonableness of prayer convincingly. But we can prove it for ourselves. Keep tuned in to God.

Lead us into that communion with Thyself, O Father, that we may not only speak to Thee, but Thou mayest speak with us. Through Christ, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10

NOT WHAT BUT WHOM
"I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."
READ II TIMOTHY 1:8-14.

ONE distinguishing mark of Christianity is that, unlike other religions, it is not based on a book or a creed, but on a Person. John Oxenham brings that out finely. He says, "Christ is more than all the creeds, and His full life of gentle deeds shall all the creeds outlive. Not what I do believe, but Whom! Who walks beside me in the gloom? Who shares the burden wearisome, who all the dim way doth illume, and bids me look beyond the tomb the larger life to live? Not what I do believe, but Whom!" The unchanging Christ is our confidence. Therefore believe Him.

By the love Thou hast borne us, O Saviour Christ, help us to obey and trust Thee fully. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11

CHRIST'S UNFINISHED WORK
"HE WHICH HATH BEGUN A GOOD WORK. . ."
READ PHILIPPIANS 1:3-11.

IN ONE sense Christ's work remains incomplete. In Florence, Italy, are some fine examples of Angelo's sculpture. But there are other blocks of stone just as the artist left them. Some are roughly outlined. Others have only the head and torso completed. Others again show the front portion almost finished, while the back is still unchiseled. Death had intervened. Yet Christ's work continues. He desires to shape our souls in the Divine likeness. Let that be our encouragement amid life's heavy blows.

"Spare not the stroke, do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!" Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12

WINNING LIFE'S PRIZES
"THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT. . ."
READ ECCLESIASTES 9:10-18.

TO WIN the world's prizes may be a doubtful bargain. When we look at some who have been acclaimed by public favor, at others who are, as they put it, sitting on top of the world, we may question the worth of the prize and the struggle to obtain it. Yet, there is inexhaustible joy in striving for the things which are well pleasing to God. It is not always the swift who win life's race; nor the strong who win the battle. To live in other's hearts, to have achieved some service for Christ's sake, that is fame!

No matter how limited our lot, how small our talents, help us, O Christ, to be faithful to Thee. Through Thy grace, Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

YOUR PICTURE
"BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD."
READ JAMES 1:19-27.

HERE are four pictures. Which of them represents us? The old Arabs used to say that there were four kinds of people, and only four. "Those who know not, and know not that they know not. These are the foolish. Those who know not, and know they know not. They are the simple, and should be instructed. Those who know, and know not what they know. These are asleep. And those who know, and know they know. These are the wise." All that is rather complicated. Yet to know what we believe, live out what we know—that is a prime requisite of our day.

In Thy wisdom make us wise, O Thou Eternal One. So shall we be better fitted to do Thy will. Through Jesus Christ our Saviour, Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

MAKING LIFE COUNT
"WE HAVE LEFT ALL."
READ LUKE 18:18-30.

SOME years ago, a football star declined $10,000 a year, and went as a missionary to South America, at a salary of $1,500. A brilliant young doctor from Virginia gave up the social advantages of his fine family, and the chances they might have procured, to go to a savage tribe in Central Africa. What was the motive? Money is ruled out. Fame does not pick its favorites from those fields. Was it that the love of Christ constrained them? Was it that, in gratitude for a sacrificial redemption they wanted to make life count? Strive to follow Christ today. Whatever the cost, that makes life count.

Thou hast done so much for us, O Saviour. Help us to follow Thee in serving the world. For Thy Love's sake. Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

BECOMING PESSIMISTIC?
"THE SUFFERINGS OF THIS PRESENT TIME."
READ ROMANS 8:18-28.

SOMETIMES we think that there is not much hope for improvement either in the world or ourselves. This quotation describes the feelings of many of us. "Our earth is degenerate in these latter days. There are signs that the world is coming to an end. Children no longer obey their parents . . . The end of the world is manifestly drawing

(Continued on page 64)

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on December Airwaves

(All Time Is Eastern Standard Time)

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. News of Europe—international news broadcasts—CBS and NBC-Blue and Red.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh—Gospel singer—Red.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—guest speakers—Blue.
1:15 P.M. Between the Bookends—Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—Blue.
2:45 P.M. Light of the World—Bible dramatized in modern prose—Red.
3:30 P.M. A Friend In Deed—Richard Maxwell dramatizes good deeds done by contemporaries—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Children's Hour—includes "Set Sail"; "Ireene Wicker's Musical Stories; "Bud Barton," and "The Adventures of Tom Mix"—Blue.
5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong—adventures of American boy—Red.
6:30 P.M. Paul Sullivan Reviews the News—CBS.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas—news commentator—Blue.
6:45 P.M. The World Today—international news—CBS.
9:30 P.M. John B. Kennedy—news commentator—Blue.
10:45 P.M. News of the War—with Major George Fielding Eliot; Elmer Davis, and Albert Warner—CBS.

SUNDAYS

9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan—Negro spirituals and devotional service—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air—services conducted by representatives of the major faiths—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—Red.
10:30 A.M. Southernaires—Negro spirituals and devotional service—Blue.
10:30 A.M. National Youth Administration Orchestra—orchestra of 70 boys—CBS.
11:15 A.M. Luther-Layman Singers—folksongs of America—Blue.
11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth—high school and college orchestras—Red.
11:45 A.M. Ahead of the Headlines—news by Newsweek—Blue.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air—symphonic orchestra and sololists—Blue.
12:30 P.M. Wings Over America—the history of aviation—Red.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle—religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. I'm An American—naturalized citizens discuss democracy—Blue.
1:30 P.M. March of Games—quiz show for children—CBS.
1:30 P.M. On Your Job—dramatizations of the country's work and workers—Red.
2:00 P.M. American Pilgrimage—Ted Malone broadcasts from the homes of famous authors—Blue.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table—discussion of current problems—Red.
3:00 P.M. Great Plays—the great plays in the world's history—Blue.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra—conducted by John Barbirolli—CBS.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—Blue.
4:30 P.M. Invitation to Learning—discussion of great books—CBS.
4:30 P.M. Pageant of Art—history of the fine arts—Red.
5:00 P.M. Metroplitan Opera Auditions of the Air—Red.
5:00 P.M. Design For Happiness—Chicago's Woman Symphony—CBS.
7:00 P.M. News of the World—CBS and NBC-Blue.
7:30 P.M. Speak Up America—quiz program on better speech—Blue.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family—dramatic serial of family life—Red.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—guest conductors and soloists—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—Haenschen concert orchestra—Red.
10:30 P.M. The World Is Yours—dramas about science—Red.
10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop—unusual radio dramas—CBS.
11:00 P.M. Headlines and By-lines—up-to-the-minute news—CBS.

MONDAYS

9:15 A.M. School of the Air—Americans at work—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Religion and the New World—Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Adventures of a Modern Mother—dramatic series designed to help mothers in training children—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—conducted by Joe Emerson—Red.
2:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra—directed by Guy Fraser Harrison—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—lecturers on current events, history, economics and science—CBS.
8:00 P.M. The Telephone Hour—symphony orchestra and soloists—Red.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone—Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks—Red.
10:30 P.M. Story Dramas by Olmsted—great short stories—Blue.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program—soloists—Red.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum—discussions by government officials—Blue.

TUESDAYS

9:15 A.M. School of the Air—wellsprings of music—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life—Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
9:00 P.M. We, the People—Gabriel Heatter interviews interesting personalities—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Story Dramas by Olmsted—Blue.
10:30 P.M. Meet Edward Weeks—editor of the Atlantic Monthly discusses literature—Blue.

WEDNESDAYS

9:15 A.M. School of the Air—new horizons—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Piano recitals—distinguished virtuosos—Red.
1:30 P.M. Homespun—Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Raising A President—dramatic series on child care—Blue.
2:15 P.M. Echoes of History—dramatizations of historic orations, alternate weeks—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Columbia's Lecture Hall—lecturers on literature, drama, art, music and sports—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Cavalcade of America—dramatizations of American history—Red.
8:00 P.M. Quiz Kids—school children under 15 years of age—Blue.
10:00 P.M. Story Dramas by Olmsted—Blue.
10:30 P.M. Doctors At Work—dramatic survey of medicine—Blue.

THURSDAYS

9:15 A.M. School of the Air—Tales from Far and Near—CBS.
9:30 A.M. Isabelle Manning Hewson's Morning Market Basket—topics of interest to women—Red.
1:30 P.M. The Riddle of Life—Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft—Blue.
2:00 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—directed by Joe Emerson—Red.
2:00 P.M. It Looks From Here—Says Margaret Banning—practical essays on life—Blue.
2:15 P.M. Travelling Cook—Richard Kent—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Adventures in Science—interviews with well known men—CBS.
6:15 P.M. Outdoors with Bob Edge—news on fishing and hunting—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
9:35 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—forum discussion of current questions—Blue.

FRIDAYS

9:15 A.M. School of the Air—This Living World—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Opportunity—Dr. Daniel A. Poling—Blue.
2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Dr. Walter Damrosch—Blue.
3:45 P.M. Exploring Space—adventures in the field of astronomy—CBS.
7:00 P.M. Josef Marais—folksongs of the African Bushveld—Blue.
7:30 P.M. Radio Magic—stories on radio phenomena for the layman—Blue.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—Lucille Manners, soprano—Red.
9:30 P.M. Everyman's Theater—Arch Oboler's plays—Red.
11:15 P.M. The Story Behind the Headlines—Cesar Saerchinger—Red.
11:30 P.M. Unlimited Horizons—drama and discussions of the physical sciences—Blue.

SATURDAYS

9:30 A.M. Honest Abe—dramatizations of important episodes in the life of Abraham Lincoln—CBS.
10:15 A.M. The Travelling Cook—Richard Kent—Blue.
10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club—instructive ideas for children—Red.
10:30 A.M. Old Dirt-dobber—one of the foremost horticultural experts conducts this garden program—CBS.
11:15 A.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs program—consumers aid in shopping—Red.
12:00 noon American Education Forum—discussion of education—Blue.
12:00 noon Milestones in the History of Music—a survey of music—Red.
12:30 P.M. Call to Youth—Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—Red.
12:30 P.M. Let's Pretend—dramatizations of world fairy tales—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Of Men and Books—reviews of current books by Prof. John T. Frederick—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Highways to Health—instructive medical talks—CBS.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—weekly service to nation's philatelists—Red.
2:00 P.M. Metropolitan Opera—from the stage of the famous Opera house in New York City—Blue.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News—Dr. Walter Van Kirk—Red.
7:00 P.M. People's Platform—round-table discussions on current subjects—CBS.
7:45 P.M. H. V. Kaltenborn—editing the day's news—Red.
8:15 P.M. Man and the World—dramas of men of science—Blue.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—Arturo Toscanini, conductor—Blue.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

ONCE again opera fans will stick close to their radios Saturday afternoons to hear the famous matinees from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, which will be inaugurated on Dec. 7. "The Marriage of Figaro" by Mozart, a notable revival of last season, will be the opening opera of the series. A total of sixteen opera matinees will be broadcast from the Metropolitan this year, under the sponsorship of the Texas Company, marking the fourth time that the opera broadcasts, presented each year since 1931, have been sponsored. (Saturdays, 2:00 p.m., NBC-Blue)

ONE of the most "listenable" devotional series in the history of religious radio will return to the networks this month when Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft presents his "Riddle of Life" broadcasts. Dr. Meadowcroft, who, in addition to his writings and broadcasts, is rector of an important New York Episcopal Church, needs no introduction to *Christian Herald* readers. (Thursdays, 1:30 p.m., WJZ and NBC-Blue)

SCHOOL DAYS

An Old American Institution

IF YOU LIVE to be a hundred, you'll never forget the excitement of the first day at school . . . your hair plastered down with cold water . . . squeaky new shoes . . . a shiny pencil box. Nothing, not even your name in gold on an office door, can equal the pride of writing 4B at the top of your paper—instead of 3A. You're *promoted* . . . to a new room, a new desk, a mysterious new arithmetic book full of the strange workings of long division.

THIS year twenty-three million young Americans in our public schools will be putting down roots into the deep riches of American culture and they will be learning, along with their three R's, the history and traditions, the stories and songs of our great land:

"I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills . . ."

Thy rocks—veiled by the fine, cool spray of waterfalls. *Thy rills*—the shallow brown rivulets, edged with forget-me-nots, that criss-crossed the low fields, early in spring. *Thy woods,* where you gathered the first pale arbutus for the teacher's desk. *The hills,* templed with apple orchards and solemn evergreens . . .

SUCH are the memories that build up your love of the land—the truest form of patriotism . . . memories of homely sights and sounds, scents and *tastes.* And the *tastes* of childhood linger on the tongue, longer than remembrance of voices, longer than the look of a well-loved room. That's one reason the H. J. Heinz Company, maker of American foods for the past 70 years, has become so important a part of our national scene. Generations of Americans have been brought up with Heinz 57 Varieties—well know the satisfying flavor of Heinz good, old-fashioned cooking.

TIMES change—but good things stay the same. For instance Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce, Oven-Baked Beans or Heinz Strained Foods. They are heartening to the soul as well as the body, for they make folks feel more at home in a changing world.

IN a sense, the world-wide use of Heinz old-fashioned foods is a continuation of the neighborliness of other years. Nowadays Heinz helps out with the cooking in many a busy household. Every year more and more of America's favorite foods are added to the Heinz list to bring you modern convenience, along with that well-remembered savor that comes from the finest ingredients, careful cooking, old-time recipes—as dependable as old friends.

57

H. J. Heinz Company

An Old American Institution

Earns $1,000 in 18 Months

Since finishing your course I have sold articles to the N.Y. Times, Central Press Ass'n and various magazines. My writing netted me over $300 my first year and almost $700 the first 6 months of this year. Despite a serious physical handicap, I am now able to make my living by writing." —Andreas Dorpalen, 206 W. 95th St., New York City.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50, and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own *distinctive* style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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(Continued from page 33)

him how desperate he was.

Then, as luck would have it, a tall gentleman was ahead of him, struggling along with two heavy suitcases. John could speak to him—a man; no harm in that.

"Sir, I'm hungry. Won't you let me carry your bags?"

The gentleman turned.

"Why—it *would* be a help," he said. "There are no cross-town 'busses, and I'm certainly all in. How much, young man?"

"Anything—anything at all." The words rushed from John's lips.

"You look all right. Here, take hold. I guess I'm too old for so much luggage."

John was about to "take hold," as the gentleman had directed, when everything suddenly grew black before him, and he felt as if he were dropping down, down into some awful abyss. It seemed as if he would never reach the end of his fall; and then, as swiftly as he had plunged downward, he rose again to consciousness. The gentleman was standing over him, holding his head in his hands, and saying, "Why, you fainted! You must be very hungry. Too bad, too bad, my son. Do you feel a little better now?"

The street was deserted save for themselves. Into a doorway, out of the wind's way, the gentleman led John. "Now you wait here, young man. What you need is some coffee, and I'll bring it in a jiffy."

He disappeared, leaving the bags at John's feet. In no time at all he had returned, a large white cup in his hand; and when the hot brown contents had passed through John's lips, he felt as if some nectar from above had been given to him. And there was a sandwich, too, which he consumed slowly, lingering over every bite. "That's it—don't hurry," the gentleman said, "Here, my boy, is an address. I want you to go there. You are too weak still to carry my bags, and the night is cold." He took out a card and wrote something on it. Then he reached into his pocket, and pulled forth a crisp dollar bill. "For car-fare. And a little reserve fund for tomorrow, in case all does not go well. Get to the Elevated road, and then to the Bowery, and you'll find the place I'm telling you about." The card and the money were in John's hand now; and like a ghost, the gentleman had disappeared.

The Bowery!—that was a long way off, John knew; but he could get there, revived as he now found himself. So he took the Ninth avenue El, went to the Battery, and then changed to a Third avenue train, and found the Bowery Mission. He had never heard of it; but others had; for John saw a long line of piteous men moving slowly toward the hospitable door waiting to receive them. Derelicts. Driftwood. Tragic faces. And above them the Elevated trains plunging on their way.

He joined their ranks. A mere lad was ahead of him, and an old fellow came and stood behind him. The line, like a dark serpent, wound its way into the building, creeping nearer to warmth. Inside—ah! how good it was at last to be inside!—there was a kind-looking man doling out shoes and coats, and as each man received the garments, he was directed to a room beyond where a bath could be had, and the old clothing exchanged. "And you'll get some good hot soup," a voice near him said. "And a bed for the night. And if you really want a job, they'll find one for you." It was the old man behind him who had spoken.

The bed where he slept that night was clean and soft; and the rich bowl of soup sent him to sleep in no time at all. Tomorrow was Sunday; and someone told him that there would be a radio talk Sunday afternoon, in a great room, where hymns would be sung first, and a fine organ would play. Rested and refreshed, John would put his name down as one earnestly seeking work. Laggards were not encouraged; but if one wanted a job, in time one would surely be found.

In the great hall, in the afternoon, a man with a kindly face and sympathetic eyes, led the singing; and how the walls reverberated to the songs!

And then—a lovely girl came upon the platform and started to lead the singing. For a moment, John did not look up. When he did, his heart almost missed a few beats. It couldn't be possible! But yes! standing there in a simple blue dress, her soft hair curling beneath her pretty hat, was Mildred!

Her clear soprano voice which he remembered so well—how it rang through this hall, like a sound from behind the very walls of Paradise! Oh, was it true that she was standing there? What miracle had sent him here? What ever-flowing grace had directed his steps?

When her song had ended, she spoke. "I need a gardener on my place up in Connecticut," she said. "Is there someone here who loves flowers as much as I do, who will tend to them and cherish them? But now, with winter coming on, there is other work for this gardener until April arrives. Who would like to go to my father's place not too far away? We need someone immediately."

Before another could rise, John was on his feet, his hand upraised.

Later, in that quiet room where the Bible lessons were read, John and Mildred were allowed to go alone and talk, with the clergyman listening to the wonder that had happened.

"First," John said, after he had told his pitiful story, "you must go with me to Mrs. Mason's, dear Mildred, to satisfy my landlady that I will pay her the little I still owe her. And then, oh, then may we seek out the gentleman who gave me his card last night, so that I may return his dollar?—or, rather, ninety-five cents?"

She smiled. "Of course! And how like you, John, to say these things. Just debts must always be paid. But where do we go from here?"

John fumbled in his pocket, and drew forth the card. On it was written the address of the Bowery Mission—nothing else. He turned it over and over. He was dismayed. "What am I to do?" John said. "That wonderful old gentleman—who could he have been? How can I ever find him now?"

"But don't you see," Mildred told him, "he never wanted you to find him. He is that rarest of human beings, one who does a good deed with no wish for a return. We love him all the more for that. Let's always think of him as your Guardian Angel!"

"Yes," John answered. "But I have two. You are the other one!"

(Continued from page 20)

mother, she counted it. She asked about the missing quarter. "Flint has been holding out on you again?" She questioned, anger in her tone. Not for the boy, but once when he had been too sick to get to work on time, Flint had docked his wages.

"Yes," Tommy mumbled. "I was a little late."

Now began days of feverish activity for Tommy. He chopped wood, ran errands before and after working hours. He performed any odd job that came to hand which offered any pay, however small. Mrs. Adams wondered at his industry, but like a wise mother, refrained from forcing his confidence.

Each week, Tommy earned his extra dollar. Every Saturday night he gave back one of the dollar bills to his employer. He even earned the extra dollar that had been added because he was buying "on credit." It was tucked away safely in his pants pocket, awaiting the coming of the night before Christmas, at which time the engine for which he had slaved, sweated, even lied, would be his very own.

This year, Christmas fell on Sunday. On Friday night, after the other children had been put to bed, Tommy and his mother sat huddled near the tiny stove which served for both heating and cooking in the three rear rooms of an old house, they had rented. The weather had turned exceeding cold. Each fresh blast of icy wind seemed to find new cracks and seams through which to penetrate into the room, and send shivers down the spines of the mother and son.

"You would be warmer in bed, Tommy," Mrs. Adams said gently, plying her needle in and out among broken threads in a pair of Tommy's worn trousers. "I'm going to bed as soon as I mend this tear. We have so little wood we must save it as much as possible. Now, run along son."

Tommy was not deliberately disobeying, but he was so absorbed in thinking of the joy that was to be his tomorrow night, he did not hear his mother.

"You'll catch cold, Tommy," his mother said, snipping off the last thread. "There, that's finished. Now we'll both go to bed."

A sudden dire misgiving seized Tommy as he watched his mother get up so wearily and put away her sewing things, arranged in orderly neatness in her plain little sewing basket. She took up the one oil lamp and began walking around to see if all the windows and the back door were bolted for the night. And yet she said nothing about Christmas.

Tommy could endure the suspense no longer. With supreme effort he mustered his courage and made the plunge. "Mother!" his voice was a bit husky, "Have you bought the children's things?"

In the glow of the lamp, Tommy could see his mother's eyes fill with quick, smarting tears. She set the lamp back on the table and suddenly clasped Tommy in her arms. "Son," she said, stifling a mighty sob, "none of us will have any Christmas this year, not even the little ones."

Tommy could hardly believe his ears. "But mother," he faltered, "won't there be anything? Not even candy and nuts, or anything?"

"At last I've found the right creams for my skin!"

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When Evening Shadows Fall

New thoughts are born to youth
Rather than to those more advanced in years.
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It is thus ordained.
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And the quiet of eventide
Comes thoughts more profound
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IF your group COULD USE more money, OVENAID, 857 W. Grove Pl. Toledo, Ohio has a plan. Not sold in stores, over 3000 organizations are delighted with the profits. A splendid opportunity. Check this and let's get acquainted. NO MORE BURNED PIE-JUICE to SCRAPE from the OVEN.

Mrs. Adams' voice trembled pathetically. "Not this year, son," she said.

Mrs. Adams, mistaking her son's sobs for tears of disappointment, was restored immediately to her lost composure. She dried her own eyes hastily and sought to comfort him. "There, there, son," she said. "We have much to be thankful for. You and I must be brave. I thank God every day I have a son like you, and the others are such good children. Something will turn out good for us, you wait and see. No boy could be as brave and generous as you without being rewarded for it. So, let's go to bed, now. Things always look blackest at night."

When at last Tommy had been tucked in a bed which he shared with his two brothers, his mother's words of praise only made his misery more acute. How guilty he felt! How mean and selfish! He had hoarded money, not for all the family, just for himself. He had deceived his mother. Before him loomed the vision of Christmas morning, his little brothers and sisters, with empty hands outstretched, faces mutely pleading. He buried his face in his wet pillow to shut out the picture.

With the first pale rays of the winter dawn, Tommy awoke to a numbing pain. His whole body ached as if it had been beaten and bruised. No longer did he want to sing or shout. But he knew exactly what he had to do.

Upon arriving at the store, Tommy was relieved to find Flint already there. Bravely the boy accosted his employer, cutting short the latter's customary sarcasm about loafing along the way to work.

"Mr. Flint," Tommy began, knowing that delay might be dangerous for many reasons. "I can't take the engine after all."

"And why not?" Flint demanded.

"Because," Tommy said dismally, "I just found out my mother was too poor this year to buy anything for the children. I will have to exchange the engine for other toys."

"Other toys! Toys I can sell at a profit. And I get stuck with a five dollar engine. I should say not! You said you would take it and now you must."

"There's still today and tonight," Tommy almost sobbed, "to get rid of the engine. I'll sell it for you. And if I do, will you give me toys—six dollars worth of toys?"

"Well," Flint agreed before lumbering off to greet his first customer, "Sell the engine for six dollars and I'll think about it. If you don't sell the engine, you gotta take it."

Tommy followed Mr. Flint a few steps, still pleading: "But I can't take it," Tommy said. "I can't have a Christmas present while my brothers and sisters have nothing. Don't you see, Mr. Flint?"

"Shut up!" the old man commanded. "We'll argue that tonight when the store is empty. Now don't stand there whimpering. Get to work! This is a store, not an undertaking establishment. Move quick or there'll be less than four dollars in your pay tonight. We have wasted a half hour already."

The threat of docking his wages awoke Tommy to maddened reckless anger. A moment of black hatred engulfed him. Out of an abyss of frenzy, he heard himself uttering words that seemed to come from someone other than himself. "Mr. Flint," Tommy was crying, "You can pay me off right now! I'm quitting!"

Flint's face went white. He raised his hands clenched and trembling. Tommy braced himself for a blow, but it did not fall. Flint clamped his hands to his own head. "What!" he shouted, regardless of being heard. "You quit, eh! Just when you know I can't get no other help. And this the busiest day of the year!" His tone sank to a whine as he saw the determination in Tommy's set, white face. "That's a fine way to repay me for all I do for you, ain't it? That's the way. Treat people nice and they bite you every time."

"Yes, I'm quitting," Tommy restated, marveling at his own calm, "unless you take back the engine and give me toys for my family instead."

"So, you will stay if I do what you want, eh?" Flint eyed the boy wrathfully. "Well if I must, I must. But since you take such mean advantage, I'll give a string, too. I will take back the engine and give you toys, if you pay me the extra dollar you still owe on it."

Tommy, the dollar in his pocket, agreed. Then the Christmas rush began.

It seemed to Tommy the entire population of Ashford gathered at the last minute in the store, all at once and stayed indefinitely. He waited on customers, responded to Flint's ceaseless demands, wrapped packages until his fingers ached, and constantly kept disturbed stock in order. Before noon, the crowd swelled with last minute shoppers from farms, who, trained to thrift, selected their purchases with slow care. Two or three times the red engine was up for sale, but always the price was too high. Tommy's patience was being sorely tried.

It was late afternoon when Tommy discovered the engine had been taken out of the window and was nowhere to be seen. This meant only that Flint had finally sold it. A feeling of utter desolation swept over Tommy. As long as it was in the store he could at least see and handle it, but now it was gone. Gone forever.

In spite of himself, tears welled. Once the flood started there was no damming it. Tears, big, wet ones escaped and rolled down Tommy's cheeks. Tired sobs shook him. He grabbed up a pile of empty boxes and headed for the back of the store, but he did not escape Flint's eyes. Tommy looked up to see his employer staring at him, his bushy eyebrows drawn close together over glittering eyes. It seemed an eternity to Tommy that he stood transfixed by that menacing glare. In reality, it was but a moment. A customer was asking about the price of a toy. Immediately, Flint was all bows and smiles and ingratiating phrases. Tommy escaped to get hold of himself. But he knew Flint would sooner or later make him pay for crying like a baby where people might have seen him.

Hours dragged by. It seemed to Tommy the day and night would never end, although he feared the moment when the store would be empty and Flint would tell him he was to be docked for his conduct.

Finally, the moment came. When, having set the store to rights, Flint called to Tommy before the final task of sweeping

up had even started.

"You can quit now," Flint said. Tommy could only stare stupidly at him, who was shouting: "Well, watcher gaping at? Ain't you glad you kin go home without sweeping up for once? Such lazybones should jump at the chance to get out of work."

The sarcasm was familiar and yet unfamiliar. Tommy stammered: "Gee, thanks, Mr. Flint."

"Don't thank me," Mr. Flint continued, thrusting several large boxes along the counter toward Tommy. "These are the things you kin have in place of the engine. Now, get out! Get out, before I lose my temper and say something about the way you acted today." Flint laid four one dollar bills on top of the packages." You'll come early to work, Monday?" he asked.

"Yes," Tommy smiled. "I'll have the store cleaned up before you get here."

"Then we are all paid up," Flint growled. "You've got plenty toys for the five dollars you paid already. You give all your wages to your mother eh?"

"Gee, thanks," Tommy repeated, gasping a little. "And—and Merry Christmas, Mr. Flint," he flung over his shoulder as he dashed for his coat and hat.

Next morning, a faint streak of gray, hardly lighter than the mass of dull clouds surrounding it, glowed in the tiny bit of sky visible from Tommy's window. Tommy, exhausted by the physical and emotional stress of the previous day, had slept profoundly. He awoke with a sense of refreshment. Sounds came from the adjoining room, giggles, exclamations of joy, scarcely suppressed shouts of approval. The children had found their things. Santa had kept faith!

A great peace filled Tommy's soul. He had looked forward to this day as the happiest of his life, and lo, it was the happiest. He understood now the meaning of the words, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The tiny streak of light broadened into a band of palest rose. Tommy must get up and replenish the wood box. He had thought to put wood near the back door last night. The little ones must be kept warm.

He drew on his clothes hastily. Noiselessly, so as not to awake his mother, he tiptoed into the kitchen and unlocked the back door. As he stooped to gather up an armful of wood, he noticed a package placed in the far corner of the porch. Rushing to it, his heart gave a great leap. He picked the parcel up, hefted it. It couldn't be! Yet it looked and felt like it. With trembling fingers he tore off the string and dashed the wrapping paper away. Lifting the box lid, he looked beneath, hardly daring to breathe.

There it was! His engine, in all its brass, nickel and red enameled glory. His engine! On top of it was a note hastily and shakily scrawled on a sale's check:

"When I saw you crying so hard today, something said to Flint that you must have that engine. So I sent you home early so you wouldn't see me come by and put it on your porch. Never say again your boss is not a generous man what barks worse than he bites. And he wishes you a Merry Christmas, too!

Jabez Flint"

Mother Takes a Hand
I'VE GOT A DATE TO GO SKATING WITH JIM SPALDING. HE'S CERTAINLY TAKING HIS TIME GETTING HERE!
DON'T BE CROSS, DEAR! HE'S ONE OF THE NICEST YOUNG MEN IN TOWN.
TELL HER ALL THE OLD LADIES THINK HE'S NICE. HE'S A MAMA'S BOY!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
WATCH WHAT YOU'RE DOING! YOU ALMOST PUSHED ME OVER!
I'M SORRY, MILDRED. I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU.
HE SHOULD BE A TRAINED BEAR. COULD SKATE BETTER THAN HE DOES!
JIM DIDN'T ASK ME TO THE BIG DANCE NEXT MONTH. I SHOULD CARE! HE'S NOT THE ONLY APPLE ON THE TREE!
WHY, MILDRED, I'M SURE JIM LOVES YOU— BUT NO MAN WOULD PUT UP WITH YOUR CROSS, IRRITABLE WAYS!
SAY, IF SHE FELT AS BAD AS YOU DO, SHE WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE A NICE WORD FOR SANTA CLAUS!
MR. COFFEE-NERVES
THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU THAT COFFEE-NERVES IS MAKING YOU SO IRRITABLE AND CROSS. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU DO AS HE SAID... SWITCH FROM COFFEE TO POSTUM!
ALL RIGHT! ANYTHING TO STOP YOUR NAGGING!
CURSES! I CAN'T STAY HERE IF POSTUM IS COMING INTO THE HOUSE!
LATER
OH, MOTHER... I'M SO HAPPY! JIM ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT, DARLING! YOU'VE BEEN THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

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(Continued from page 39)

pudding, decorated on top with Christmas designs in cinnamon. It is a magic dish. It contains somewhere in its deliciousness an almond, and whoever gets that almond will be the first of all the young persons present to be married during the year.

The feast over, the doors leading into an adjoining room are flung open to reveal the Christmas Tree, decorated and alight with candles, at the top a star that has been in the family half-a-century or more. That brings a reverent note into the celebration. The head of the family reads the story of the Birth of Jesus. All sing carols. After that the Julbock (the Christmas Goat) brings the gifts, tossing them through the door. Always Christmas gifts are wrapped in white paper, sealed with red wax. Some bring joyous jingles written by the donor.

No matter how late members of the family may sit up that night celebrating, every one attends early holiday services before it is light Christmas morning.

Inside the church, lighted with hundreds of candles, the worshipers sing the old Christmas hymns and carols. Before or after the services, some will take lighted candles to the churchyard to place them upon the graves of their dear ones. It is an ancient custom.

The Star Boys (Stjarngosser) bring an annual pageant on January 6, the Holy King's Day. It represents the coming of the Wise Men to Bethlehem, to find the Babe in the Manger. The boys wear white and carry lighted stars on poles.

Only on St. Knut's Day, January 13, does the season officially close. The candles on the Christmas tree are lighted for the last time. The children hold hands and dance around it, joyfully yet a little regretfully for, the celebration over, it will be taken down, the star and other decorations put away for another year. In some districts, as the young folk dance, their elders sing: "Twentieth Day Knut Driveth Yule Out." Yes, it *is* the twentieth day after Christmas. Twenty days of celebration and feasting. There is a saying that the period has come down from Knut the Great, who in the 11th Century passed a law prohibiting fasting between Christmas and Epiphany. Thus the latter became Knut's Day. Henceforth anyone who wishes may fast, but I doubt if any Swede, or any visitor to Sweden, can.

Who can even read of such interesting dishes without wishing to add at least one or two to one's own list of Christmas delicacies? A Swedish Christmas ham can be cooked in any country, and is a fit dish to grace any Christmas table. Time is the chief element required, besides the sugar, salt and saltpeter.

Rub a ham with a mixture of ¼ cup salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of saltpeter. Then put it to soak in a brine made of 3 gallons of water, 3 pounds of salt, 1 cup sugar and 1 ounce of saltpeter, brought to a boil, skimmed and cooled. Leave the ham in the brine two weeks. Take it out, wipe it, and boil it. Add a handful of peppercorns to the water and simmer the ham for five hours.

Skin the ham. Spread over it a mixture made of a beaten egg white, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, and 1 teaspoonful of mustard. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake slowly until brown.

Swedish cooks dress the ham hock with a red-and-white frilled paper and garnish it with cooked prunes, applesauce and cabbage.

Here is the famous Julgröt, or Swedish Christmas Pudding:

Boil 1 cup rice in six cups boiling water. Drain in colander, keep over hot water until the grains separate. Add a tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and 4 tablespoonfuls of butter. Add gradually 1 cup of cream, whipped. Heat, but do not let it boil. Add a single almond, the lucky one, you remember, and serve with cold milk or thin cream.

An exceptionally delicious Swedish sweet is the Almond Patty. These are baked in little fluted individual tin pans nearly as deep as muffin pans. They are delicious just as they come out of the oven, but may have a filling of fruit. Those served me were filled with a mixture of ripe strawberries and whipped cream. I can recommend them.

Almond Patty is made this way:

Work ½ cup of butter into 2 cups of flour. Add ¾ cup sugar, 1 cup almonds, blanched and run through the fine blades of a meat-chopper. Work into this gradually the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Add 1 teaspoonful of bitter almond flavoring. Work to a paste and set in the refrigerator for 2 hours. Line small deep tins (as mentioned above) and bake in a moderate oven.

Swedish housewives buy the little fluted patty pans for this delicacy by the, no not dozen, but fifty at a time, or even a hundred, if it is the Christmas season.

A favorite Saffron Bread—and you remember the Lucia cats are made of saffron bread, with raisins for eyes—follows:

¾ cup of butter
¾ cup of sugar
1 egg
3 yeast cakes
1 teaspoonful saffron
2 cups milk
¼ cup ground almonds
¾ cup seeded raisins
½ cup chopped citron or orange peel
7 cups of flour
1 teaspoonful almond flavoring.

Add the yeast, dissolved in the tepid milk, into 3 cups flour. Let this rise to twice its original size. Add the powdered saffron, mixed with sugar and a little milk. Cream sugar, butter, and beaten egg and add to the dough. Drop in the almonds and raisins. Add the rest of the flour, as needed. Let the mixture rise again. Knead well. Roll out and cut, or shape into twisted strands or wreaths. Allow to rise on greased pans. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with sugar and chopped almonds, mixed in equal proportions. Bake in a hot oven.

With all of these delicacies added to our own strictly American turkey, our English-inherited plum pudding and fruit cake, and the various other good Christmas dainties of our own homes—well, as in Sweden our Christmas, too, will last twenty days.

(Continued from page 37)

Connecticut Nut Speedies

⅔ CUP SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
3 TABLESPOONS COCOA
1 CUP CHOPPED BRAZIL NUTS

Blend condensed milk with cocoa thoroughly. Stir in chopped Brazil nuts and mix well. Drop batter from teaspoon onto a well greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Yield: 18 cookies.

THESE GAY PACKAGES are designed to hold food gifts. Santa Claus, upper left, is a white box wrapped in red cellophane. At one end the paper is left long, then gathered together and tied with white cellophane ribbon to form Santa's hat. The band of white duplex crêpe paper drawn around the center of the box suggests the face.

It's a jam pot we cover with a bird's nest and top with Christmas birds. The candlestick is made of gold cardboard. The drum—and you can make it yourself—holds a fine cake. Directions for wrapping Bazaar foods are given in the leaflet "Wrap It Pretty." For the leaflet send 3 cents postage and address the Church Housekeeping Bureau, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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(Continued from page 15)

worthiness of it by preserving it and passing it on. The celebration which to us is Christmas, has been attacked again and again by one and another enemy. The Puritan radicals, confusing it with what seemed to them materialistic ceremoniousness, tried their best to throw it away as an outworn ancient piece of foolishness. The Romans long before the coming of Christ, tried to lower a sacred festival to the level of a popular holiday with all license allowed. Our Scandinavian ancestors did their best, too, along the line. We ourselves are doing our best to cloud and darken its spiritual beauty by succumbing to the people who try to make Christmas only a shopping orgy.

But the perfect symbol of a mighty and radiant truth has always shone through the trash men heap around it, with a starlike beauty. We moderns are irritated, weary and morose by the evening of December twenty-fourth because we half realize how shamelessly one of our most exquisite impulses is being exploited by the commercial instinct; and we sometimes think, "What a nuisance Christmas is! I wish we didn't have it—just a grab for presents." But on December twenty-fifth is there one of us who does not feel a pang, a shock of strange, secret, intimate joy such as we know on no other day? There is something preserved from the past which has golden worth! The ancient symbol grows more richly encrusted with poetry and spiritual meaning as the centuries go on. Our cave-man ancestors probably rejoiced quite literally, quite materialistically, over the fact that the darkest days of the years were over, that they could turn their faces from blackness towards the hope of sunlight. The Romans felt the inner spiritual meaning of so turning from darkness to light—symbolizing it with their exchange of lighted candles and loving gifts, and with an even deeper piece of symbolism, only half understood but always a part of the joyous ceremony, when for a short time he who had been master and lord in the household became a servant, and he who had been a lowly servant put on fine garments and was humbly served by his master. Was not that a divination of a truth not yet expressed, and even now not grasped by us in its mystical significance, "For he that is least among you all, the same shall be great?"

And Christianity, when it came, and found embedded in human life a symbol of such touching beauty, such unshakeable hope—with what a profound wisdom did our faith lift this ancient vessel and pour it full of new wine. The coming of light after long darkness—that was the tenderness of the spirit of Jesus Christ. The old act of faith, to which man had clung with all his tortured, despairing, ever-hoping heart, of proclaiming with joy *at the very darkest period of the year,* his sure and certain faith that light would come again, what better channel could be found along which to send forward the belief in the transformation of the world through the spirit of Christ. The new divination that men are to be valued for themselves, not for their outward place or class in society, what better popular expression of it than the ancient festival when servants became masters and masters servants—alas, that we have lost that! Even the small oddities of custom found a place in this deepening of the meaning of one of the oldest of human institutions—the mistletoe of our Celtic ancestors under which, at Christmas, we still give and take harmless kisses, forbidden at other times, in its small corner this, too, is more than a harmless piece of gaiety; it reminds the meditative spirit of how much which is forbidden to the sensual and self-seeking can be safely done with a pure and loving heart.

Loftily mystical, homely, intimate, human, divine, wild with gaiety, solemn with the purest of thanksgivings for the best that God has given to man, Christmas is the exquisite universal expression of the faith which has kept us men and women alive through all errors and despairs—the faith that light will come again after darkness. That the celebration of this certainty that light will come again takes place at the very darkest of the year, is for us, in this black year of sorrow and anxiety, its most beautiful and moving aspect. Let us keep this noble feast with joy and hope and pass it on intact to those who come after us.

(Continued from page 35)

Three Mighty Hunters, on the ice,
Fished through the night, alone,
And there appeared a strange device,
A star that brightly shone,
Serene and cool
Upon their pool,
One star—and one alone!
One star reflected in the hole,
That gave its darksome deep a soul!

Upon the starlit, tranquil night,
A Spirit Voice then rang,
"Your moccasins shall trail the light
Of Manitou Anang,
Of Mino Wabanong—the Star!
Anong! Anong! Anong!"
Oh, Anangoka—Starry Night!
Anang! O, Wabanong!

After another awesome silence, Inakona spoke again: The Three Chieftains, trailing Anang Wabanong, found the starlit deer lodge, and found Gwengowea strangely expecting them.

Chief Feather Foot presented a small, stone cornmill for flour; Chief Eagle Owl gave a kindling hatchet, a copper tomahawk, for fuel; for food and fuel these tokens were, yet were they matched and given meaning by the present of Chief Far Voice, who brought the sign of light, a firebow and its kindling arrow, to loose the sun within the lodge—all of them symbols of life and peace among men.

"Anangoka! Anang Mino Wabanong!" sang Inakona in conclusion.

Thus did Inakona finish. But, again and again, all winter, he told the story, for people came from afar to hear.

The Moon of Beebon tarried and melted, then, away. Long was the waiting of Inakona. And, in the waxing Moon of Budding Trees, he straightway took the trail to the place of "Thunder and Lightning," Day-Say-Ronth-You, there to await his Inashia—but the maiden came not

again from out that far and Viking Sea.

Only vague rumors of wars and worries and convents! Convents! Inashia had taken the "Veil of Thorns"—she was a nun! In token of this she had sent to Inakona, by a wild trader into "Vineland," a long and flaxen braid of her hair! Unspoken, woven beauty—fraught with soul she knew he'd know—and he knew! "I'll return, oh, Inakona!" he remembered. Fain she would have—that he knew.

The land was warm and quickening with spring. Came the oriole, beloved of Inashia—golden robin, flashing song! Then did Inakona break the golden strands and give them to the birds to build a nest. She had given him the sign of her love; he would give it back to Manitou.

He went often to the place of the oriole, overlooking the river of the Iroquois, and there he sang, perchance to some far soaring osprey in the blue:

The River of the Iroquois
Flows to its Viking Sea,
And on a height Algonquin stands
And views it silently,
Then down the winding waves bespeak
A shore they pass—oh, wistfully!
To murmur at a maiden's feet,
Ah, sweet and endlessly!

The silence of its winding flow,
Too deep for sound, so far below,
The Chieftain sees and blesses,
"O Timeless Iroquoian Stream,
Roll down to your Laurentian Dream,
That far and Viking Sea
Your urge caresses—oh,
In your mighty, moving passion,
Now enfold love's mystic mission—
Go!

"Go find the maiden on the strand,
She'll touch you with her eager hand,
She'll hear your voice and understand
And cry—'I know! I know!'

"She'll write a name upon the sand,
And lappingly you'll kiss her hand,
Then smooth again will be the strand,
And, sighing, mention me;
The maiden's murmur then will sigh,
'I know!—'Tis he! 'Tis he!'"

The River of the Iroquois
Flows to its Viking Sea,
And she who is belov'd cries, "Lo!
These waters sing to me,
They sing and do caress my hand—
Ah, Love—I know—for thee!"

Inakona carried a little, wooden cross, made of pine twigs bound with golden hair. One day, high on his favorite trail ridge, he set the cross on a flat, red stone, then faced the setting sun, to sing his evening psalm.

A blue-black storm was rolling up out of the East; enthralled he stood and watched that fearsome void advance, feeling himself as one with Manitou—therefore unafraid. Compelling murmur crossed the sky with might. He turned, before too late, and faced the setting sun.

Day-Say-Ronth-You rumbled! The Thunder spoke! The Lightning flashed! And Inakona was no more!

The fire of God had found him. It had found, also, his little pine-twig cross, to burn its outline forever on the rock where it had lain.

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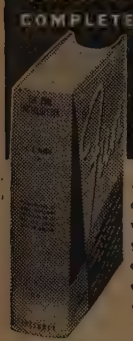

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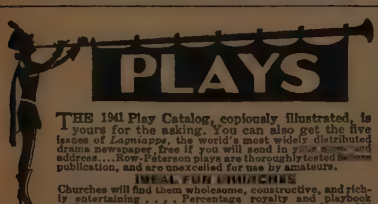

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(Continued from page 23)

gazing out of the window which looked toward the west. Narcissa smiled with understanding, but said nothing.

The Indians were very restless during the winter. Umtippe did not disappear, as he usually did, during the cold months, but hung about, sullenly watching the progress of the new house. He played like a little child with Alice Clarissa, but to all of Narcissa's advances he turned a deaf ear.

They were up early the next morning. Marcus and Narcissa spent the entire day at the new lodge, returning to the cabin at sunset. Two forlorn figures, a man and a woman, rose from the doorstep. They were white people, emaciated and ragged. The man, whose hollow cheeks and burning eyes suggested a consumptive, wore the remains of a frock coat above torn leather trousers. The woman, who might once have been pretty, was so thin, so parched and burned by the sun, that she was almost ugly.

"Our name is Munger," said the man; "Asahel and Mary Munger. We come from Ohio. We are independent missionaries, on our way to the Sandwich Islands. It has been harder on the trail than we expected. Our horses died up there in the Blue Mountains, and our money's given out. We thought you might let us rest here for a spell. I see you are putting up a new house. I'm a carpenter; also my wife is a good cook."

"Come in!" cried Narcissa. "We have plenty of work here for willing hands, and you are more than welcome."

The Mungers settled down at the mission with great content. Munger, though Marcus thought, from his face, that he would not live long, was a skilled workman, and the new house progressed so rapidly that by June the Whitmans were settled in it.

The Whitmans had barely finished dinner a few evenings later when Mrs. Munger called, "Mrs. Whitman, there's some one at your door."

"I thought we'd had peace as long as we could hope for it," groaned Narcissa. She opened the door, to find Umtippe applying his moccasined foot to it.

"What do you want, Umtippe?"

"My wife is sick," he replied, sullenly.

"The Doctor will cure her," said Narcissa. "Let him go to your lodge with you."

"Let him bring the Little White Cayuse," commanded the chief; "then if he makes my wife die, I'll keep the child."

"I shall not go one step under those conditions, Umtippe!" declared Marcus. "You know that you can't scare me or bully me. And I know that you are taking presents from the priests and have promised to get rid of us. I know you want us to leave Waii-lat-pu. We will do so if you wish it, but we will burn the crops, the fences, the mill, the houses and all they contain. Tell us—do we go or stay?"

"What will you give me if I say stay?"

"If you'll say it over the pipe with me I'll cure your wife," said Marcus.

Umtippe grunted, "Stay!" and pulled a pipe from his belt. It was a red clay, elaborately feathered. Marcus filled it, took a deep pull, and handed it to the chief. Umtippe drew a long, slow whiff and left the house abruptly. Marcus followed him.

The Doctor returned later, very weary. "Umtippe's squaw will be all right in a day or two," he told Narcissa. "I think the old rascal will be quiet for a while, at least."

The next afternoon Narcissa conducted her school as usual, while Marcus worked in the fields. An hour before supper, Sarah Hall came out. "I'm going to the garden for radishes," she said.

"Where is Alice Clarissa, Sarah?"

"She was here just a little bit ago. I think she went to the garden to get herself some pieplant."

Five minutes later Sarah returned with a bunch of radishes. "I can't find her anywhere," she exclaimed.

Narcissa had risen and started running toward the bank of the Walla Walla. Something in her face caused Marcus to drop his book and follow her. When he overtook Narcissa, she was pointing to two cups caught on a little sandbar. "Her milk and water cups! Yet they were on the table not ten minutes ago!"

For one awful moment they stared into each other's eyes, then Marcus turned toward the house with a great shout.

"Munger! Come help search the river!"

Munger, his wife, Sarah Hall and a group of Indians rushed to the river bank. Marcus stripped to his underdrawers and plunged into the river. Old Umtippe cast off his robe, and, wrinkled and gaunt, plunged into the current fifty yards further upstream. Narcissa, running in silent agony along the bank, saw Umtippe swimming under water saw him suddenly burrow beneath a log, then come to the surface holding something in his arms. She made toward him, her arms outstretched; but Marcus, who had emerged from the water, was before her and he clasped Alice Clarissa to his naked heart.

He laid her on the warm sand under the cottonwoods. For an hour they sought to resuscitate her. At the end of that time, Marcus, his lips quivering, laid the little arms reverently back on the baby bosom, and looking up blindly, said in a broken voice,

"Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

There was a day or two of grief-stricken quiet, then a messenger appeared from the north, a Spokan Indian bringing a letter from Elkanah Walker. Mrs. Walker's accouchement was at hand, and Marcus was begged to ride with all haste the hundred miles to their mission. Marcus was for refusing; but Narcissa bade him go; and, whitefaced and anxious he rode away.

And with his going, the dam of her tears broke, and without thought, without desire, Narcissa wept for hours. It was long after midnight when she finally fell asleep, exhausted, and long after sunrise when she awoke. She lay listening dully to the sound of Indians without, and the Mungers and Sarah within the house. And she was conscious of but one desire—to see her mother, to be in Angelica again.

(To be continued.)

Note: This story is an abridged version of Mrs. Morrow's novel published under the title, "We Must March." It is reproduced in Christian Herald through an arrangement with her publishers, William Morrow & Co.

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Let us TURN NO MAN AWAY *on Christ's Birthday*

Present your gifts to the weary and heartsick. On Christ's birthday let there be peace and good will among those who are defeated by life; freedom from the worry of job hunting and the gnawing pains of hunger. Let the old man lose himself in dreams as the Christmas tree at the Mission brings him memories of long ago; let the youth far from home, frightened and lonely, feel the protection and love of Christians: let all who come our way on Christmas Day know joy in the kindness of Christ's servants.

To you who have home and security we bring our plea to help us make the Bowery Mission the symbol of Christianity on Christ's Birthday: let it mean home and security to the homeless and lost. Let us turn no man away from our door who says "I'm hungry" on Christmas Day—rather let us extend our hand in welcome and invite him in to share our Christmas dinner.

Let us give the man who is homeless a bed on the night Christ was born.

You can bring your gifts to the Christ Child through His servants at the Bowery Mission. We will have a Christmas tree on Christmas night and around it pile all the gifts you send us—but the number of guests we invite to our party will depend on the number of gift packages we receive.

There will be a Christmas dinner, not a banquet, but after all a full plate of beef and all the trimmings is a banquet to a hungry man. And there will be a full plate for every man but the number of plates will depend on your generosity.

Bring Christmas to the Bowery, make the day true to its origin. It's not easy to bring the spirit of Christmas to the Bowery, but the Bowery Mission does it every year. Its tree sparkles and glows with the joy of the spirit it sets free; its dinner brings joy and memories of home; the singing of carols soothes the weary souls; but it is your gifts to the lonely heartsick men that brings forth their thanks and blessings.

Add the Bowery Mission to your Christmas list: make up a package of useful articles such as new underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, sweaters, shoes and send it direct to the BOWERY MISSION at 227 Bowery, New York City. Send your contributions to the business office.

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Books I Liked Best

BY DANIEL A. POLING

OF THE hundreds of books coming to my desk since last December, I have "liked best" those here listed. I recommend them to you without reservation. I have not listed some books written by the big, bold, hairy men, nor those of a few neurotic psychologists. A number of the former I have read with appreciation for their primordial strength and real worth, but definitely I have liked others better. Also I have named my first five.

Biography

Trelawny, by Margaret Armstrong. (The Macmillan Company, $3.00.) Nothing finer in its field has appeared in recent years. I could not put it down.

Caroline of England, by Peter Quennell. (The Viking Press, $3.75.) A unique woman . . . greatly told.

Doctor in Arabia, by Paul W. Harrison. (The John Day Company, $3.00.) The most dynamic and romantic missionary adventure book of a generation.

A Surgeon's Life, the autobiography of J. M. T. Finney. (Putnam, $3.50.) Every person who has known and loved a doctor should read this book.

Jonathan Edwards, by Ola Elizabeth Winslow. (The Macmillan Company, $3.00.) The finest biography yet written of the greatest theological mind of pre-revolutionary America.

Current Events

The Dream We Lost, by Freda Utley. (The John Day Company, $2.75.) Russia's record of futility, human torture, and social waste.

American Mirror by Halford E. Luccock. (The Macmillan Company, $2.50.) Comprehensive chronicle of a decade's literature.

Since Yesterday, by Frederick Lewis Allen. (Harper & Brothers, $3.00.) Encyclopedia of contemporary American history.

I Saw France Fall, by René de Chambrun. (William Morrow & Company, $2.50.) Clear-cut appraisal of reasons for the crucifixion with faith in a resurrection.

The Brave and the Blind, by Michael Blankfort. (Bobbs - Merrill Company, $2.50.) The Spanish Civil War brutally, beautifully told.

Fiction

How Green Was My Valley, by Richard Llewellyn. (The Macmillan Company, $2.50.) I said of How Green Was My Valley, "If this is not the greatest modern novel you must name the greater." I stand on that.

The Family, by Nina Fedorova (Little, Brown and Company, $2.50.), is the greatest achievement in character delineation with which I am acquainted since Dickens. *How Green Was My Valley and The Family* divide my difficult first choice.

China Trader, by Cornelia Spencer. (The John Day Company, $2.50.) Exquisitely beautiful and historically accurate.

As the Seed Is Sown, by Christine Whiting Parmenter. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, $2.50.) Read it to be warned, to be comforted, or to be condemned—but read it!

Wild Geese Calling, by Stewart Edward White. (Doubleday Doran, $2.75.) Pioneer adventure with love in the old tradition.

Gabriel's Search, by Della T. Lutes. (Little, Brown and Company, $2.50.) A super novel until Davy dies, but still far above the average.

Juvenile

Anthology of Children's Literature, Edited by Edna Johnson and Carrie E. Scott. Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $5.00.) A magnificent volume by every test.

Heart of a Child, by Phyllis Bottome. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50.) This is really not a "Juvenile." Every adult should read it—and read it again to at least one child.

Piskey Folk, by Enys Tregarthen. (The John Day Company, $2.25.) The "realest," most modern fairies in the world.

Manoel, by Claire Nelson Atwater. (Longmans, Green and Co., $2.50.) Strikingly original.

Hear Me, My Chiefs! by Herbert Ravenel Sass. (William Morrow and Co., $2.50.) Epic tales of the American Indian.

Poetry

The White Cliffs, by Alice Duer Miller. (Coward-McCann, $2.00.) The finest song as yet arising from this world crisis.

Combat at Midnight, by Hermann Hagedorn. (John Day Company, $2.00.) Challenging poetry in tune with the infinite.

Of Home and Country, by Henry Gillen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.75.) Human quality . . . singing from the heart.

Religion

American Faith, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. (W. W. Norton & Co., $3.75.)

Historical, comprehensive appraisal of American foundations.

Protestantism's Hour of Decision, by Justin Wroe Nixon. (The Judson Press, $1.39.) Finest statement of the position of the peacemaker who is not a conscientious objector that I have ever read.

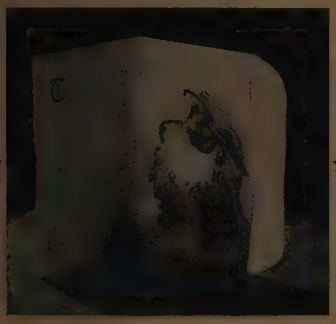
Anno Domini by Kenneth Scott Latourette (Harper & Bros., $2.50). Perhaps the most vital author in Christian Literature.

What Is Christianity? by Charles Clayton Morrison. (Willett, Clark & Co., $3.00.) He would reconstruct Christian thought and Christian action, if not the Christian church. I do not agree with him, but enjoyed reading him.

Forty Years A Country Preacher, by George B. Gilbert. (Harper & Brothers, $2.75.) Hold your sides while you open your hearts.

My First Five

1. *How Green Was My Valley* and *The Family.*
2. *Trelawny*
   (Could almost be first, but I give the nod to the creative work done in the two finest novels of the year.)
3. *American Faith.*
4. *As The Seed Is Sown.*
5. *The White Cliffs*—Responsible for one man's return to poetry!



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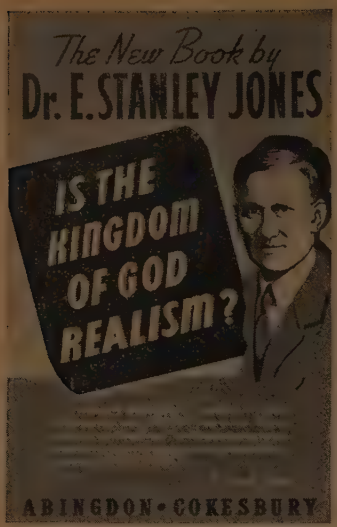

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

Invitation to Live, by Lloyd C. Douglas. (303 pp., Houghton, Mifflin Co., $2.50.) This Douglas story is dedicated to the task of keeping America physically sound, morally alert and spiritually fit. It is the story of a girl, changed from a purposeless life to a career of purpose. The love story is quite secondary to something deeply more than the love story of two young people. As inevitably in Douglas books, the Pollyanna note is not absent, but in such a time as this should it be? The growing multitude always waiting expectantly for the "next" of this author will not be disappointed.

Anthology of Children's Literature, edited by Edna Johnson and Carrie E. Scott. Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. (917 pp., Houghton, Mifflin Co., $5.00.) The jacket of this gorgeous book reads: "Here is the most complete children's library to be found in one volume." It is that, but it is indescribably more. The illustrations alone justify the price for they are priceless. The book is divided into nine sections: Mother Goose fables and folk tales; fairy tales; myths and legends; Old Testament stories; nature stories; fiction; biography; poetry and lyric poetry. The treatment of Bible tales and their appearance in these pages is characteristic of the discriminating fidelity with which the editors have gone about their task. Boys and girls from six to sixteen, and all who have any interest in children, will revel in these chapters.

The Human Side of Greatness, by William L. Stidger. (231 pp., Harper & Brothers, $2.00.) In this dynamic volume, with characteristic vigor, Dr. Stidger has given us the man behind the achievement, the personality behind the machine or public service. Both men and women are invoked to prove that greatness is the superlative human quality. Seventeen figures from the national scene are brought to these pages and made the heroes and heroines of their vivid chapters. The book is easy, thrilling, suggestive, worth while reading.

Trelawny, by Margaret Armstrong. (369 pp., The Macmillan Company, ($3.00). No finer biographical reading has appeared in recent years. "Trelawny," in its field, has everything. At the heart of it is one of the most beautiful love stories—the story of Zela. The man himself was quite incredible. Stranger than fiction, more romantic than any mere romance, and always heroic—heroic even in his littleness. Margaret Armstrong brings him alive to her readers and he commands us now as he commanded men and ships a century ago. With him, Byron and Shelley and all the doomed company live, too. I could not put the book down.

The Heart of a Child, by Phyllis Bottome. (167 pp., G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50.) Here is a juvenile that every adult should read and that should be read, with just a few deletions, by every adult to at least one child. There are times when a great artist achieves more in two hundred pages than in a long novel. This is one of those times. What a story!

Harper's Topical Concordance, compiled by Charles R. Joy. (478 pp., Harper & Brothers, $3.95.) A great, new undertaking. I prophesy for it a large and steadily increasing sale. The volume is unique and immediately helpful. Every preacher, every director of religious education, every Sunday School teacher, and every careful Bible student will find this Topical Concordance indispensable. It is a library in itself.

Dogs, by James L. Cannon. (77 pp., Albert Whitman & Company, $2.00.) One of my "first five" for juveniles.

American Mirror, Social, Ethical and Religious Aspects of American Literature 1930-1940, by Halford E. Luccock. (291 pp., The Macmillan Company, $2.50.) This is a distinguished and perhaps superdistinguished book. I hope that Halford Luccock lives long enough to do for five more decades of American literature what he has done for this decade in "American Mirror." He writes with deep emotion, frequently with prejudiced deep emotion, but how he does write! He comes now as a judge among his literary brethren but they will do well to listen while the rest of us are profited thereby. Many get passing grades and there are a few "teacher's pets" but no one, unless Lloyd C. Douglas is the exception, is dealt with unjustly. Also there are times when the author writes a little as though he feared that he might be identified as a preacher. Having read "American Mirror," one has the feeling of being intimate with the whole literary scene.

Christmas, An American Annual of Christmas Literature and Art, edited by Randolph E. Haugan. Volume Number Ten. (Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, $1.00.) *Christmas,* one of the most beautiful publications of the year, has become one of the ten best sellers of non-fiction during the holiday season. It is a tradition with thousands of American families to secure their copy each year. The present selection of stories, poetry, music and art maintains and I think advances the high standard of previous volumes. I cannot too highly recommend to *Christian Herald* readers this annual.

(Continued from page 30)

"That greeting completely captured my eart. When he called me 'Bilkie' a name which he has called me ever since that ay and which was my nickname back in ermany, I lost all my feeling of timidity nd we had a most happy evening to-ether.

"As he was about to leave he said to e: 'I want some of your candles for hristmas gifts and I want to buy them.'

"'But I don't want to sell them. They e too sacred to me!' I replied.

"'But you simply *must* be willing to sell em, for then you can make enough oney to make them in large numbers and ake that many more people happy with em, as you have made us happy. I want me for my mother and father and for l of my friends. I want to hand on this ystic light, this thing that has hushed y own heart.'

"Henry Fonda sent some that Christ-as to his father and mother and several iends. His father was ill in bed and rote that they had done him more good an medicine. Henry Fonda told all of is picture friends about them. Ann larding got interested in them and little ean Harding used to come over and atch me making them in my study. She as a sweet child and I loved her. Nils ster wanted to build me a shop where I ould sell them to the general public but was afraid of commercializing that ing which was so personal and so sacred me.

"It was a terrific struggle inside. My iends kept urging me to manufacture nd sell my Mystic Candles but there was lways that feeling that such a thing ould be sacrilegious. But even in my nal decision I seemed to be God-guided.

"I had a woman friend who was in reat grief. She had lost her husband and as poverty-stricken, so one day it oc-urred to me to give her the right to sell y candles in order that she might make living. She was living in New York ity alone, and she was also far from her omeland for she was a Chinese woman; st as I had been alone and far from my omeland when my great grief came to e. It seemed fitting that I do at least is. She was both a brave and an in-ustrious woman and soon, under her in-ustry the demand for my candles was great that she urged me to leave Holly-ood and go to New York City to help er make those candles. In fact she was wamped with orders from gift shops, e large department stores, from homes nd churches. So, still with the sole idea f helping her solve her financial problem, left Hollywood and came to New York ity. I have never gone back to Holly-ood, not even to close my house and ack my things, for we have been so usy making the Mystic Candles that either of us has had time. Along with undreds of people working in our shops, e now make literally millions of these Mystic Candles in a year. I pour the oney that comes to me from them back nto my shop in order to make more work or poor people. I do not feel that the oney belongs to me. It is merely mine o use for other people. I am just the teward of that money."

She sat silently for a few minutes. Sud-denly she looked up and said:

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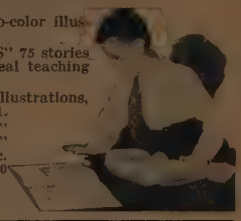

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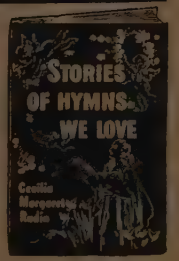
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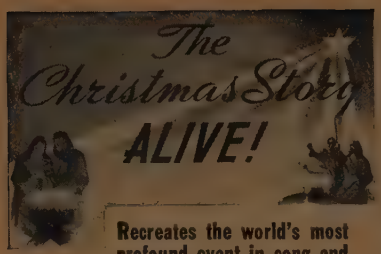

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"The great tragedy of war is that the so-called blackouts which come with bombing not only have blacked out my candles and their burning; but they have dimmed the lights of cathedrals and homes, the very light of Christmas itself in warring lands. I read a few weeks ago a book by H. G. Wells in which he symbolized what is going on in Europe through an experience that came to him in Europe. It seems that Mr. Wells was in a cathedral one evening at dusk. There was no other light in the cathedral save seven candles burning near the altar. Suddenly a janitor came in, walked over to that seven-stick candle and one by one snuffed each light out and suddenly Mr. Wells found himself in utter, impenetrable and almost terrifying darkness. It was a complete blackout in that dark and gloomy building. Then he turned that figure into a symbol of what is happening in the world today suggesting that one by one the seven candles of idealism are being snuffed out in the world: Love, Sincerity, Kindness, Faith, Hope, Charity, even Worship."

I nodded to her in response to her vivid story. We were both silent and we both had an almost terrifying gloom over us at that thought. Then in a sudden blaze from a log on the fireplace which had rolled over and started a new flame, her face brightened and she said to me: "But NOT in our America! The lights of Liberty, Religion, Faith, Hope, Charity, Friendship and Home still burn here and I pray God we may keep them burning. We have no blackout of Christmas in America this year and the evidence of that is that we have sold twice as many Mystic Candles this year as in any other year, which means that the Christmas hymns will still be sung, that little children are still sacred to us; that the lights of home are still burning; that Hope is still shining; that the Christmas Candles in America are still aglow."

(Continued from page 40)

war. We cannot answer the questions of our sons, we cannot satisfy ourselves with the old slogans, "War to End War," and "Make the World Safe for Democracy." With these and their kind there is neither conviction nor reason; they are failures fixed in the dead hand of the past.

Christian Herald believes that the following five principles include the essentials of a peace plan upon which American opinion should be crystallized:

(1) America's support of a world agency for the administration of world affairs. This without interference with purely internal affairs.

In other words, the application of the Federal principle internationally. International relations are now administered by treaty and by secret treaty, by notes, by balance of power agreements, through secret alliances, and with intrigue. America may be able to stay out of this war, but she is in the world and cannot escape, nor should she escape, world affairs.

(2) America's support of police power for such an administration of world affairs.

So long as we recognize this principle for community security, for the protection of personal property and individual life, must we not come to accept the same principle to make safe ocean lanes of travel, and to maintain international security?

Theodore Roosevelt, in his Nobel Prize address in 1910, advocated a league of nations, backed by an international armed force, to keep the "peace of righteousness." He said: "The policeman must be put back of the judge in international law, just as he is back of the judge in municipal law. The effective power of civilization must be put back of civilization's collective purpose to secure reasonable justice between nation and nation."

(3) America's support of open economic frontiers with free access to raw materials and natural resources, and with reciprocal trade agreements.

So long as there is economic control by the "haves" against "have-nots," the economic causes for armed conflict remain. There are of course other than economic causes.

(4) America's support of collective responsibilities for the administration of all colonies and mandates.

Collective responsibility should everywhere be substituted for national ownership. So-called backward peoples should be the responsibility of all free and favored peoples and this responsibility should be administered primarily in the interests of the backward peoples.

(5) America's support of the principle that higher levels of life and democratic institutions cannot eventually be maintained anywhere unless with their blessings they are made available everywhere.

One man cannot hold another down without staying with him. The principle is universal. Also, it is the Christian ethic. "I am my brother's keeper." Also that ethic applies at last within nations and to international affairs.

Will *you* join *Christian Herald* in a campaign to crystallize American public opinion behind this program? Already one of the largest denominations has adopted it in principle, and the greatest Christian youth movement is using it to enroll delegates for an international convention next July.

Will you enlist with us to secure Congressional action? Leadership and money sacrifice and service, are required.

The time is now.

Christian Herald's next decision waits on word from *you*. Write us the answer of your heart and mind.

DANIEL A. POLING
Editor-in-Chief

(Continued from page 28)

bottles are too expensive; the money can be used for other things, more important). He treats the broken eardrums of pearl divers, the gunshot wounds of bandits, the unspeakable ulcers of nomadic Bedouins whose skins are so encrusted with dirt that only a blowtorch will crack it. That blowtorch is no fiction; he often uses it, in operations, to heat a soldering iron, which he says is just as good as any electric cauterizer in any swanky hospital west of Muscat.

He does his best with girls whose throats have been slit (the penalty for adultery) and with thieves whose hands have been chopped off (the penalty for stealing). Just outside the hospital he looks after twelve lepers who live in holes dug out of the earth and who run in under a corner of his verandah roof when it rains—it is the only roof free to them in all Muscat. Every day at daybreak the lepers wave to him as they start the day's begging and he starts his day in the hospital. Mrs. Harrison crosses their no-man's-land a few minutes later, on her way to minister to the women and children, her special charge. One day a week the lepers see them start out, camel-back, for a fifty or seventy-five mile jaunt into the desert, to doctor men in mud huts who can't be moved and men lying in the shade along the road. Only at the peak of the summer heat do they run for the cool hills. But they would be fools not to run; every Arab in Muscat gets out then; there are few even of the sick who dare brave the stifling heat of the city that time of year.

Past fifty-five now, Paul Harrison still has a few years to go to retirement age, when he can quit on the handsome pension of $100 a month. Then he can go home. But will he quit?

Somewhere, years ago, I read that there are only two kinds of happiness for any of us in this world. There is the happiness of a dog with a bone and the happiness of Jesus on his Cross. It seems to me that Doctor Harrison has discovered the latter kind of happiness. Safe and comfortable here in America, we envy him. He's got the right idea—Christ's idea!

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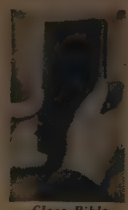
Close Bible

13 And ye shall know that I *am* the LORD, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, | ch. 36. 24. ; ch. 34. 25. ; ch. 11. 16. ver. 28. ; Joel 3. 17. | ing covenant with them: and I will place them, and multiply them, and I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore.

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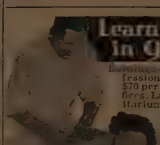

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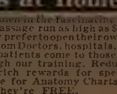

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

DECEMBER 1

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 9:49-62)

TWO great lessons come from the closing verses of Luke's ninth chapter (49-62). The first is the lesson of tolerance, taught in two different instances; the second is the lesson that following Christ is serious business, not to be considered lightly or trifled with.

It was a common thing among the Jews for one to attempt exorcism by many different methods. The man here described (49, 50) did not claim to be a disciple of Jesus. He only felt that there was power in the use of Jesus' name, and he attempted to use it.

The second example of Jesus' spirit of tolerance contrasted with the intolerance of His disciples is found in the incident of the rejection by the Samaritans (51-56). Because Jesus was bound for Jerusalem, His advance agents were promptly stopped and peaceful passage was refused. The fiery nature of the Boanerges asserted itself as they proposed vengeance on the stubborn Samaritans. Elijah had once called down fire from heaven to consume his enemies; why should not they?

Jesus' answer is just what would be ex-

(Continued on page 67)

(Continued from page 41)

shackled their people to tasks that the people hate. It points rather to such men as that Bactrian whom Browning described as one who "could not write nor speak but only loved" as representative of those to whom through the ages God has revealed the things which eye hath not seen nor hath ear heard.

Here is the ultimate Christian source of the faith in the worth of man. There is a Hebrew source in the statement recorded in the first chapter of Genesis that God has made man in His own image. There is a Greek source in Plato's doctrine of the soul as something in man that has come from a higher realm. But the primary Christian contribution to that faith lies in the fact that when God came to give His best He gave it to the humble. None of us, accordingly, is cut off by our earthly lot from God's best. All that He requires to receive His best is a contrite heart.

Once men were able to realize the precious truth that God, as He had come to them in Christ, was accessible to the humble, it was not strange that they should discover a second truth akin to the first and growing out of it—that the humble are capable of the highest. For if the supreme experience of man, the experience of God, is open to the humble, then no other experience of high things may be arbitrarily denied them.

Given this belief, born of religion, that the humble are capable of the highest—those who hold it have a serious responsibility in our present world. It is they who have to stand up against the tyrants who seek to crush mankind, for it is they who have found in God and the dignity of the soul a strength which oppression cannot destroy.

Thus the Christmas story which brings God so near to the humble, also encourages them to resist their oppressors and to keep up the struggle for a better life for all men. The God of Christmas is a God of comfort. But He is also a God who, in the words of Walter Rauschenbusch "is the substance of all revolutions."

One other great truth the Christmas story brings to us, and never was this truth more heartening than it is today. We have seen that if God is accessible to the humble, then the humble are capable of the highest in experience. And if the humble are capable of the highest, then we can see also that they are capable of peace. The humble, the common people of the earth, can win peace. If we can believe that, we can live and work hopefully for peace, inasmuch as we know that our labors are not in vain in the Lord.

But if we are to win peace we must give our attention to the conditions out of which peace can come. There are various passages in the Bible where these conditions are suggested. One is found in Galatians, where Paul says, "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, etc." Here Paul declares that peace is a fruit, not a root. It is not something which can be brought forth full-grown, as Athena was from the brow of Zeus. Paul says also that peace is a fruit of the Spirit, a fruit of religion in the highest sense. It cannot be a product of purely secular activity.

Another significant passage is found in Isaiah, where the prophet says, "then justice shall dwell in the wilderness and righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field, and the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever. Here it is perfectly clear that peace is the outgrowth of justice and righteousness. The thought is similar to that of the angels' song where good-will appears as preliminary to peace; "on earth, peace among men of good will."

This is the way the Bible deals with the task of winning peace. The peace of which it speaks is the fruit of spiritual changes in the lives of men which create a soil of justice, righteousness and good will out of which peace can grow. Apart from these conditions men will cry "Peace, Peace," when there is no peace. The Christmas story implies the faith that the conditions of peace can be brought to fulfillment in the lives of the humble, the common people of the earth, and wherever the Christmas story is told, that faith may be rekindled on the altar of the human heart.

Thus Christmas comes to us again in a world at war. At first thought the contrast seems overwhelming and we can hardly endure it. But on second thought we realize that it is Christmas above all else that we need—Christmas with its message of God drawing so near to us, and with the new faith it inspires in the capacity of humble men to receive God and to realize His highest hopes for them. If now we could only carry the thought of Christmas with us, so that every day might be illumined by the great truths it has made so real!

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The Stamp Club

By Winthrop Adams

NOTE the new heading on this column. As the Christian Herald Stamp Department goes into its second year, it becomes "The Stamp Club," and thereby hangs a tale.

Space is precious in this magazine,—so precious that we find ourselves faced with two alternatives: either dropping the column, due to the heavy expense involved, or making it self-supporting. So we'll edit it this next year in the interests of the Stamp Club, instead of making it just a general column. Either we become self-supporting, or we drop out—and we're not dropping out if we can help it!

The fifteen cents yearly dues of the Stamp Club are overdue. Will you Clubbers help us keep the column alive by sending in your fifteen cents for 1941 as soon as possible? We're deeply in the red, due to the many free services we've been giving, and the hundreds of letters we've had to answer, in our mail. On receipt of the dues, we offer our first 1941 premium—a free list of Music and Musicians in Stamps.

This is the only way we can keep the column, and the Club. What say ye, Clubbers—do ye want it, or no? Tell us *now.* Time flies, fast!

Mail

This might go in the Question Box, but we think it worth more space than that. This week we got a letter. It reads:

"Dear Mr. Adams: I am writing this letter on behalf of the patients of Welfare Hospital, Welfare Island, New York City, who are members of a stamp club just formed. The members have no money and the club no financial means to secure stamps. Would it be possible for your Stamp Club to contribute canceled duplicates of stamps from their collections, to help us a little?

"Our patients suffer from chronic diseases and some of them have been hospitalized for years. They have very little to brighten the routine of their lives . . . Would you help them?"

Come on, you Clubbers. Here's a great spot for all those old duplicates you've been holding on to for years—why, none of us ever know. Send them to Miss Nea M. Norton, Director of Social Welfare Division, Welfare Hospital, Welfare Island, New York City. It's a great chance to share your philatelic happiness.

Question Box

Q: I have large number of canceled and uncanceled European stamps of countries now occupied by Germany. Are they valuable? Answer: Time will tell. Hold on to them. Get yourself a 1940 Scott's Catalogue and determine current prices for yourself; we can't do that at long range.

Q: Is a stamp on letter dated 1889 of any value? It is a green two-cent stamp with Washington's head on it. Ans.: Ask a reliable dealer. It looks like No. 231, catalogued at two cents used, but we can't tell without seeing it. Ask your dealer, or an experienced collector.

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(Continued from page 43)

near." That is not a modern pronouncement. It dates back to 4000 B.C. It is inscribed on a stone in the Imperial Turkish Museum at Istanbul. There is little use in being discouraged. God is still our Father.

For our foolish unbelief, and the fears to which it gives rise, O God, forgive us.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16

READ I TIMOTHY 4:6-16.

CENTURIES ago, As-yang was born in China. His widowed mother was desperately poor, and school being impossible, she taught him herself. The boy longed, above all else, to learn to write. Pens and paper, however, cost money. So she devised a sand tray, and with a pointed stick, the boy mastered the art. He became famous in China as the most skilful writer of Chinese characters. And all because he resolved to use his one talent to the full.

Help us to be faithful in that which is least that we may prove ourselves more worthy of Thy trust, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17

READ MATTHEW 5:38-48.

FEW people know what a gimper is, but Rickenbacker does. And we need more gimpers. That famous aviator explains, "A gimper is one who does everything just a little better than he has to do it." What a standard for the Christian. What an inspiration. To go the extra mile, to give more than could be legitimately expected, to do more than we are paid for—that is one way in which Christ is commended to a critical world through His disciples.

In the common task, in the daily round, we can glorify Thee. Grant us Thy grace, O Father, thus to serve Thee.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

READ II TIMOTHY 4:10-18.

THERE is nothing like brooding over our troubles to multiply them. They are like eggs beneath a sitting hen. Before long, in addition to the old set of worries and anxieties, we shall have a new brood hatched out. If the world has been unkind, or if we have been treated unjustly, brooding over such facts will not improve matters. Why not try God?

Thou art indeed our refuge and strength, O divine Father. Touch our hearts that we may trust Thee with our cares. For Christ's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19

READ JOHN 17:9-17.

A CERTAIN maker of automobiles told his dealers that customers could have any color car they wished—so long as it were black. That is taking things as they are. Well, we have to take life as is. It is little use wishing that we

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were somebody else, that our work were different. Yet we may find the challenge which will develop character. That is what God intends for His own.

In patience and perseverance, help us, gracious Father, to serve Thee uncomplainingly, bravely, and well. Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

READ II CORINTHIANS 4:15-18.

THE three main doors of Milan Cathedral are interesting. One arch shows a garland of roses, and beneath are the words, "All that pleases is but for a moment." On the other side there is a cross, and the words, "All that troubles us is but for a moment." But the central door has above it, "That only is important which is eternal." If we can honestly believe that it is the eternal that matters, then life will take on new strength.

Help us to set our hearts on doing Thy will. So shall life have no power to allure or dismay. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:1-9.

TWO old Scotsmen were discussing the abounding evils of the times. One ejaculated, despairingly, "God help us all!" But his friend took him to task. "Ay, Sandy! But we maun help Him, too." There is good sense as well as sound theology in that. God will help us when the help of man is vain. There are other times when He enables us to help ourselves. We can count on Him. Can He count on us?

Inspire us to daily fidelity, in all Thy will. So shalt Thou be able to fulfil Thy great purposes through us. Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

READ PSALM 73:23-28.

A FRIEND touring Europe, in the happy days of peace, entered one of the stately cathedrals there. It was late afternoon. The sun, pouring through the rich, stained glass flooded the sanctuary with multicolored light. But it was not the windows, nor carving, nor marble altar, which moved him. He felt the real Presence. Restful, quietening, uplifting was the influence of that place. "It did something to me," he said. "I have never been quite the same since." The true approach to God always does something to us.

Gracious God, in whom are the springs of our life, draw us nearer to Thyself, through the Christ of Calvary's cross.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:8-13.

THE great ocean liner moves sluggishly. At frequent intervals, her brazen voice bellows forth with ear splitting din. For her own sake, no less than that of other vessels, she must proceed warily. But the sun pierces the misty veil. We see now where we are going. It is a parable

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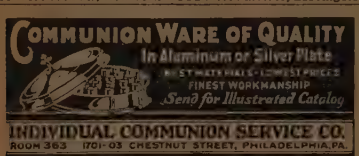
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of life. We cannot always understand why God deals with us in a given way. Yet the Pilot is guiding the ship of the soul. He never makes mistakes.

Through Thy grace, enable us to trust Thee in all Thy dealings with us. Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24

READ ACTS 1:1-8.

WHEN we listen to some great orator, we are moved to both wonder and envy. If only we could speak like that . . .! Yet the most convincing witness to Christ is the life which speaks in kindly deeds. When you help a stricken heart, there is no need to declare why: you've said it. When you retain your loyalty to His commands, you have not to state that you are His; you've said it.

Aid us by Thy grace, O blessed Lord, that our lives and example may witness always for Thee. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25

READ LUKE 2:8-14.

GLAD Christmas time again draws near, and to a race oppressed by fear God speaks to cheer it on its way. May blessings rich be shed abroad, for, in a stable poor, our Lord was born upon this gladsome day. The song the angels sang is stilled, the world with sounds discordant filled. But yet there comes to hearts of them who love yon Babe of Bethlehem, who worship Him who bore the cross to save mankind from grief and loss, the hope divine, joys manifold, that ancient prophets long foretold, till all mankind may own His sway, and all the earth rejoice.

O God, who gavest Thy beloved Son for us, help us to proffer to Him our love and lives as our Christmas gift. Amen.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26

READ ISAIAH 26:1-8.

THAT valiant soul, Rupert Brooke, took the difficulties of his day as a challenge to the best in him. He says, "Now God be thanked who hath matched me with this hour." Most of us are inclined to ask for the easy path, rather than strength to face what duty demands. Yet God puts this honor on us that, in these trying days, He bids us serve Him with unfailing courage.

For each day, O Father, Thou dost give needed strength. Help us to work out our own salvation, cooperating with Thee. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27

READ PHILIPPIANS 3:7-14.

A SCHOOLBOY defined memory as, "The thing we forget with!" That is sometimes the case with us all. The name which we cannot recall, the date which eludes us, are common instances. Yet to forget is a boon. Some people dwell in the past, bemoaning its failures or gloating over its successes. Yet if we would press toward the mark and reach the God-given goal, we must face the future.

Blessed Lord, Thou art calling us to the forward look and the upward way. Help us to follow Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28

READ JOHN 1:1-10.

WE HAVE doubts about some things. We cannot always see the divine purpose amid life's events. Yet we can always know the standard for the Christian. It is our Lord's example. Herbert Spencer said it would be difficult "even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life."

Inspire us so to follow Thy example that we may be found in fellowship with Thee, dear Lord. Amen.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29

READ PSALM 37:1-9.

IN A European gallery, there is a canvas bearing the title, "In Manus Tuas, Domine." It shows a young knight in armor entering a dark forest. The quivering nostrils of his horse reveal fear of the unknown. Yet the knight turns his eyes to heaven, saying, "Into Thy hands, O Lord." That is the spirit in which we may face the challenge of the days.

That nothing can separate us from Thy love, brings confidence by which we may overcome our fears. Amen.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30

READ PSALM 85:1-7.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, one time president of Yale university, spoke with authority when he said: "Our world has today no greater need than a vigorous revival of true religion. You cannot really cure the ills of the social order without also healing the moral and spiritual ailments of the individual." While all philanthropic effort to remove poverty is commendable, is it adequate? There is a need for the bread of life also.

Enable us rightly to discern the prime needs of our life, O Father, that we may avail ourselves of Thy provision in Christ Jesus, Amen.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31

READ LUKE 4:16-29.

ANOTHER year has gone. Its fine service, its efforts to enrich other lives, its honest attempt to do God's will are set down, as it were, in the Book of Time. So are the broken vows, the unfilled promises, the neglected opportunities. The volume is closed. "The moving finger writes; and having writ, moves on. Yet that is not wholly true for the Christian. Penitence can supplicate forgiveness for past mistakes.

Forgive our errors and sins. Free us, O God, from the mistakes of the past. Help us to start anew. Amen.

(Continued from page 62)

pected of Him. "When you talk like that your spirit is that of Elijah, and your time is back before the days of a better revelation."

The first aspirant for discipleship was a man of enthusiasm—perhaps too much enthusiasm. He was not weighing the cost of discipleship, and Jesus made it plain.

The second was a man whom Jesus called. His request, "Let me first go and bury my father," may mean (a) that his father had just died and was waiting to be buried, which is unlikely; (b) that he wanted to defer his following of Jesus until natural adjustments would come in his home. The highest call a man can have is the call of Christ, and to it he should give first place.

The third example gives a slightly different turn to the same teaching—the supreme claims of the gospel upon men's lives. Here was a man who wanted to follow Christ, but who wished to defer that following until he should take leave of his friends. His heart was still with the past and a sudden break was unthinkable. The Master's figurative answer is well understood.

DECEMBER 8

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 10:25-37)

THE policy of "the good neighbor" may well be applied to nations, but it must first have its illustration and understanding in personal experience. The parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10:25-37) gives us the Scriptural basis. "The figure of the Good Samaritan has furnished to all centuries since the time of Christ a working model of what religion should mean in daily life. It has helped the world to remember—what Jesus did not wish men to forget—that religion is social and neighborly." (Luccock, *Studies in the Parables of Jesus.)*

When "a certain lawyer" rose from his seat in a throng and asked Jesus a question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" it was not an attempt to entrap the Master, but to test His knowledge and His ability as a teacher.

Jesus' answer was in the form of another question. The lawyer, familiar with the law, is referred to the law itself: "What is written in the law?" There was but one answer to make, and the lawyer freely did so, except that he joined two laws together (Lev. 19:18 and Deut. 6:5).

The inclusion of the second law opened the way for the second question.

And Who Is My Neighbor? "Any one to whom you can show mercy is your neighbor." We may believe that the Parable of the Good Samaritan is not fiction, but history. Jesus would not be likely to invent such behavior, and attribute it to priest, Levite and Samaritan, if it had not actually occurred."

The significance of the parable lies not in the fact that mercy was withheld by two and supplied by one, but that it was withheld when it should have come, and supplied from a most unlikely source.

DECEMBER 15

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 11:1-13)

THE Lord's Prayer is sometimes called "the Epitome of the Gospel" and "the

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pearl of prayers." It, together with some teachings on persistence in prayer, (Luke 11:1-13) provides an ample basis for anyone who is learning to pray. Farrar *(Commentary on Luke)* points out five great elements of the greatness of the Lord's Prayer: its tone of holy confidence; its absolute unselfishness; its entire spirituality; its brevity; its simplicity.

The use of the word *Father* belongs to the New Testament, and is a term capable of easy understanding because of its human connections. *Hallowed be thy name,* i.e., "Let it be acknowledged to be holy, treated as holy, venerated." *Thy kingdom come* means, according to Moffatt, "thy reign begin"; or, as Plummer says, "The petition therefore means, 'Thy sway be extended from heaven to this world (now ruled by the adversary), so as to extirpate wickedness.'"

Give us day by day our daily bread is primarily a prayer for needful earthly sustenance, and as such has been rightly understood by the heart of mankind.

Forgive us our sins. This has better application than Matthew's *forgive us our debts.*

Lead us not into temptation. While it is true, as James says, that "God temptteth no man," He does permit us to be tempted. We pray, therefore, that we may not be tried above what we are able.

Verses 9-13 have been called the Magna Charta of prayer. "They not only state explicitly that earnest and persevering prayer shall win its blessing, but also imply that for the winning of the best gifts such prayer is a necessary condition."

DECEMBER 22
LUKE 2:8-20

IF WE were asked to name the supreme example of joy in all the Bible, we would doubtless turn to the joy of the shepherds and of the angels over the birth of the Saviour. This account (Luke 2:1-20) is the ideal Christmas study and offers to us the challenge to share this joy ourselves.

The extreme simplicity and brevity of the account (2:1-20) attract our attention. The Authorized and Revised Versions use but 141 words to describe this momentous event.

"As Jesus was born in a stable, so His birth was first announced to peasants, in token that the gospel was meant for the poor and ignorant, as well as for the rich and learned." (Dummelow.)

Not far from Bethlehem, in fields already rich in history, certain shepherds took turn guarding their flocks in the night watches (2:8-14). Alarmed by the sudden presence of a heavenly visitor and a strange brightness, they gave way to fear, only to hear a voite bidding them not to fear but to listen to some glad good news which, being for all people, might well banish fear. "You have," it said, "today a Saviour, an anointed one, a Lord." Upon receiving instructions as to how to find the truth of the announcement, they were further assured by the appearance of a heavenly choir singing a hymn of joy.

Upon the cessation of the heavenly song, (2:13-20) the shepherds kept urging one another to go over at once to Bethlehem. The village was so small that without difficulty they found the place of

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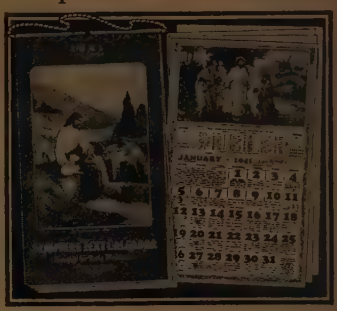

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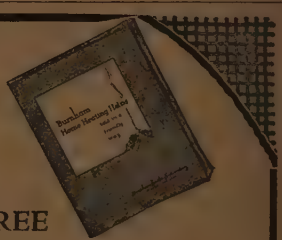

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interest and confirmed the previous announcement. Little wonder that they told the story and that it was received by the people with amazement. Significant also is it that the shepherds themselves were deeply impressed and glorified God.

The shepherds could not know fully what the birth of Christ would mean to generations of men in coming centuries. We in our day know in part, but the best is yet to come.

DECEMBER 29

(PRINTED LESSON, LUKE 12:35-48)

MANY times in Jesus' teaching is the lesson of watchfulness given attention. The verses, Luke 12:35-48, are sometimes given the title, "The Duty of Loyal Vigilance," because they combine the qualities of loyalty and watchfulness.

In verses 35, 36 is "a little parable warning the apostles to be ready for Christ's second coming, which will be sudden. The apostles are compared to slaves left to watch the house (the Church) while the master (Christ) goes to a wedding feast (i.e., ascends into heaven). Their loins are girded because they have housework to do (preaching the gospel and ruling the Church), and they have lighted lamps, because their task is to enlighten a dark and sinful world by their shining example. Christ's return from the marriage feast is His Second Advent, or it may mean His judgment of each individual soul at death."

Verses 37-40 stress the fact that Christ's coming is sudden. Two more ideas are introduced here, the first continuing the emphasis on alertness, the second the preparation of the householder against a thief's invasion. Up to verse 39, the parabolic teaching deals with no specific point. Watchfulness, alertness, vigilance are enjoined in general. They may apply to catastrophe of some sort, to the coming of a thief, or to the coming of death. This is a good principle for all Christians. A slumbering, carefree, lackadaisical church is no good example of the spirit of Jesus Christ.

But verse 40 makes the direct application to the coming of the Son of Man. Two things mark the attack of a thief in the night, secrecy and unexpectedness. Christ's return is like that. No man can know the hour. But to be ready, *whenever* it happens, is a Christian virtue.

Equally important is it that the servants of Christ be faithful as well as that they be ready (41-48). It is not enough to be awake and watching so as not to be taken by surprise. Loyal servants must be busy in the discharge of their duties.

The parable of the Unfaithful Steward makes plain these points:

The steward is responsible for the welfare, and even the life, of others; he is expected to act in the place of his master while the latter is absent; faithfulness in such tasks will be rewarded; there is a temptation to take advantage of the master's absence; this temptation leads to self-indulgence and even to misuse of power and position; punishment and loss will be the lot of such unfaithfulness, in degree according to the wilfulness of the unfaithful steward; according to the abilities which men possess, and their use or disuse of the same, will their reward or punishment be determined.

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THE proverbs of Sŏl'o- of Dā'vid, king of Is'
2 To know wisdom and

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY
Paul Maynard

FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE GAULDIN FAMILY (SEE LETTER IN COLUMN ONE)

Remarkable—but Typically American

Springfield, Mo.

Dear Editor:

I am sending you the picture of five generations of the Gauldin family, all living in Saline County, Missouri. The one at the right is Mrs. Mollie Gauldin Minor. She was 87 March 28, 1940, and is still an active member of a country Baptist church. She is a consistent reader of *Christian Herald*, and has been for more than forty years one of its faithful friends. The Bible and the *Christian Herald* are her daily companions. She still lives near where she was born, and is still active in the Sunday School, and the Missionary Society of her church, near Marshall, Missouri.

Thomas H. Wiles

Of such stuff America is made.

Such Letters Are Our Reward

Friendswood, Texas

Dear Editor:

The Christmas following my return from my third sojourn in a tuberculosis hospital, a friend sent me a gift subscription to *Christian Herald*. Although deeply appreciative of her thoughtfulness, receiving the magazine was not the most thrilling of prospects, because religious literature was not so interesting to me, although I was supposed to be a Christian.

At that time I found myself marooned on the outskirts of a very small town, while I was accustomed to cities and preferred them. And I was faced with the knowledge that I had many long hard hours in bed before me, when what I most desired was an active life. Worst of all, I must obey the dictates of TB, "or else." From the time I was a young child I had always rebelled at being "bossed," and considered myself competent to manage my own life.

Christian Herald proved to be the hand that gently guided me into a deeper Christian experience. It was a voice that assured me that although my life seemed shattered to bits, it could be "remolded nearer to my heart's desire." Then, too, *Christian Herald* has awakened in me an interest in other Christian literature.

I like the articles on Bowery Mission, Mont Lawn, and Church Architecture. I am inspired by the Daily Meditations and the editorials by Daniel Poling. The poetry you print is beautiful. There are just too many good features to mention them all.

I am assured that soon I can return to normal life. True, certain restrictions will hedge me in, perhaps for the remainder of my life, but I can do very well within those restrictions. And my biggest hope for the future is built upon the fact that no longer do I consider myself competent to manage my own life, but know that there is One who is competent, and I am well content to leave that little job in His hands.

Sometimes I wonder with what emotions I would now face the future, if I had not received that gift subscription to *Christian Herald*.

Laura Oliphant

No words of ours can possibly add to or subtract from the beauty of this letter.

Not Unbiased!

Belle Haven, Virginia

Dear Editor:

May I take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the most excellent material I find in *Christian Herald?* I have been reading the magazine for a great many years, and find it one of the best that comes to my study. The information it contains is helpful and stimulating.

Especially am I grateful for your articles on Temperance. These articles are direct and complete and I find them unbiased.

R. A. Craig

We thank reader Craig for his fine comment, but we hasten to assure him that we are not unbiased on the matter of Temperance—we really are biased in favor of it!

Radio Dramas

We have available 12 excellent Radio dramas prepared by Howard Cook, four of which take 15 minutes, the rest 30 minutes to produce.

Those of you who are interested in Radio Dramas can secure a synopsis of 12 dramas by sending us a stamped addressed return envelope.

Christian Herald in '41

MANY times this page in December has been devoted to outlining the editorial program for the ensuing year. That was before the days of wars, rumors of wars and peace time conscription. Times change overnight and any editor of a news magazine who attempts to say what his program in the spring will be is rushing in "where angels fear to tread." Of *Christian Herald,* this much we can say: it will hold as ever to the platform outlined on its editorial masthead; it will attempt to reflect the most important Christian thinking; it will make even greater efforts to give you a religious magazine that is interesting and informative as well as inspirational. *But we are not satisfied with these goals alone.* We are also going to keep *Christian Herald* dynamically up-to-the-minute in a "lightning change" world. These are historic, challenging days—challenging not alone for nations but for the Church and the Christian faith. In such times we cannot look ahead and say we will do thus and so. The regular departments will be continued, of course. As announced in November, we add Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher as a regular contributor; Clarence Hall, Frank Mead, Grace Nies Fletcher, Beatrice Plumb and others have many articles in preparation. We will soon start a series of sermons from the country's foremost preachers on the subject, "Christ in the Crisis." But more important than any single writer, or editor for that matter, is the fact that during the next year *Christian Herald* will cover with the ablest thinkers and writers at its disposal the climactic events and movements of the times we live in. They are the second most important the world has ever known. (We are this month celebrating the most important.) That's why we can't be too positive about what general direction our program may be taking in the spring or the summer or the fall.

Has Any One a Spare Piano?

Troutville, Va.

Dear Editor:

The Junior Department of our little country church would like very much to have a piano. We wondered if through your magazine we could find some one who has one to spare. . . . If you can help my Junior class in finding a piano I shall be eternally grateful.

Mrs. H. D. Thomas

Any one interested may communicate directly with Mrs. Thomas, at the above address.

It's a
LONG HARD FIGHT

It's a long hard fight that begins with the bread line, this saving of men. Hungry, alone in their trouble, the world seems to be against them; a hand held out in an offer of friendship and help at such a moment can be the hand that leads them to a life better than that they have ever known.

The far reach of the Mission's electric sign brings men to our doors, the signs at our door offering food to eat, a bed in which to sleep and help from our Labor Bureau; the word that spreads up and down the Bowery that you can get free postage to write a letter home or to answer a "help wanted" ad, help to bring men into our Mission. Sometimes the organ plays an important part in luring men in and sometimes our pastor picks up men from the gutter and brings them in.

Prison chaplains play an important part in the Bowery Mission's work; men who have paid for their crime against the public and men who are out on parole need the right kind of guidance and friendship if they are ever to hope for real freedom.

There is great need for such missions as the Bowery Mission. Their work does not end with the feeding, clothing and housing of men—that is where it begins: bread alone cannot save the man lost in poverty and sin—he must be given spiritual food as well as bodily nourishment.

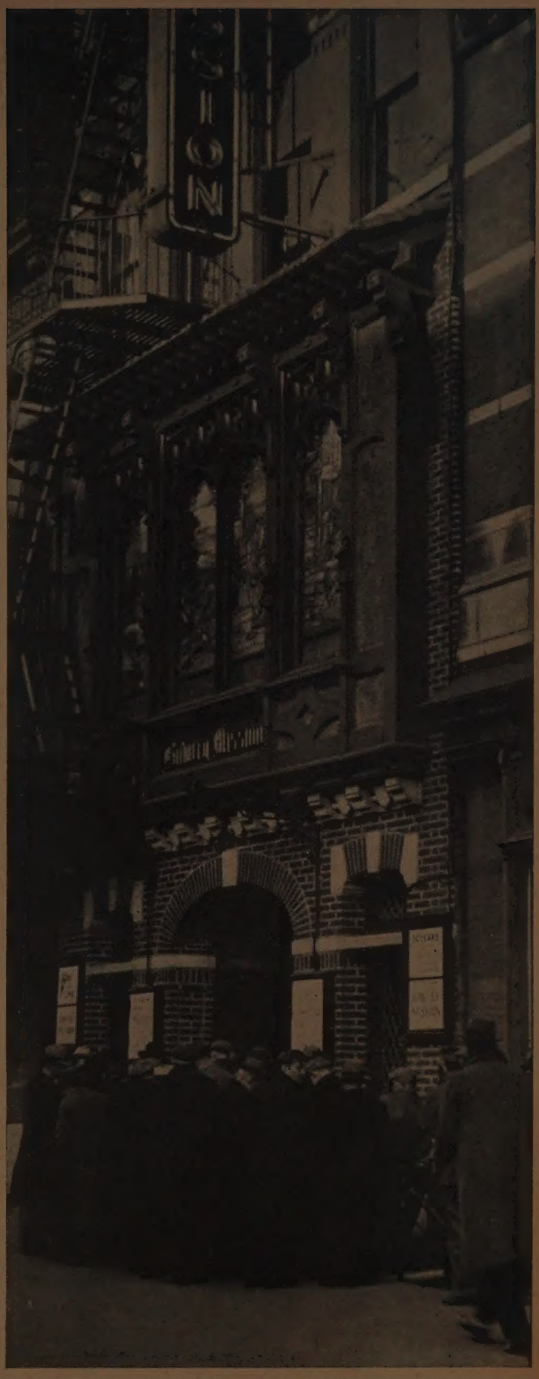
The Bowery Mission has a program to which our Pastor and his workers have dedicated themselves; reading the program will make you realize the vital importance of the work being done on one of the world's worst streets. There are old men on this street: homeless and friendless; there are young men on this street who have come to New York from every part of the country—come with high hope in their hearts and all they found was defeat. They are lost unless Christians interest themselves in their welfare and help us take care of them.

THE work of the Bowery Mission is:

FIRST: to preach the Gospel
SECOND: to break the habit of drink
THIRD: to find employment for men without jobs
FOURTH: to help men re-establish a lost self-respect, awaken ambition and give them a correct outlook on life
FIFTH: to re-unite broken families
SIXTH: to get men off the Bowery before it ruins them
SEVENTH: to teach men a thrift they have never known, a care of clothing and how to take care of money
EIGHTH: to provide the necessities of life for those who are helpless

WILL YOU LET US FEED THESE HOMELESS, UNHAPPY MEN—FEED THEM SPIRITUALLY AND PHYSICALLY?

★ ★ ★



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NEXT MONTH

So Your Boy Has Joined the Navy

By Fred Barton

An interview with the Chaplain of a Navy Training Station

☆

My Boy's Jaloppy

By Richard Maxwell

A story no parent should read

☆

Reading Clinic

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

☆

Aunt Julia's Babies

By Frederick E. Burnham

A Doc Torrey story

☆

Also Dr. Richardson, Frank S. Mead, Ralph S. Meadowcroft, Grace Nies Fletcher, and all the regular departments.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Smart Boy

Little Jack Horner
Stood on the corner,
Waiting to cross the street;
He used his head when the light was red
And on green he used his feet.

—Exchange.

Slim Chance

"Father, I've got my heart set on a Rolls-Royce."

"Well, that's probably the only part of you that will ever set on one."

—Menthology.

Some Salesman

"I've sold everything out of that room," said the helper at the rummage sale, proudly.

"Dear, dear," cried the minister's wife, "that was the cloakroom!"

—Advance.

Truthful

Teacher: "This makes five times I have punished you this week. Now, William, what have you to say?"

Bill: "Well, I'm glad it's Friday."

—Kablegrams.

His Handicap

"Why is the little fellow crying?"
"B-b-cause he can't have a holiday."
"Why can't he have a holiday?"
"Because he doesn't go to school yet."

—Kablegrams.

Needed Advice

"Where are some good places to stop on this trip?" inquired the autoist at the tourist bureau.

"At all railroad crossings," replied the clerk promptly.

—Menthology.

He'll Find Out

Contractor: "Does the foreman know the trench has caved in?"

Laborer: "If he doesn't we'll tell him as soon as we dig him out."

—Exchange.

Escaped

"Are you still engaged to that homely Smith girl?"

"No, I'm not."

"Good for you, old man. How did you ever get out of it?"

"Married her."

—Menthology.

Not Continuous

Visitor: "Does the water always come through the roof like that?"

Landlord: "No, sir, only when it rains."

—Lustige Blaetter.

Not In His Line

"I want some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know if any poison has been sprayed on these you have?"

"No, ma'am; you'll have to get that at the druggist's."

—Exchange.

Tough Luck

Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a lonely field on a dark rainy night. "What rats you are," grumbled the doomed man, "making me walk through the rain like this."

"How about us?" growled one of the escorts, "we've got to walk back."

—Judge.

Noah Had His Troubles

When Noah sailed the waters blue,
He had his troubles same as you;
For forty days he drove the Ark
Before he found a place to park.

—National Motorist.

Grammatical

Grace met her uncle on the street one day. He asked her whether she was going out with a picnic party from her school.

"No," replied Grace, "I ain't going."

"My dear," corrected her uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that?"

"Course I can," responded Grace, cheerily. "There ain't nobody going."

—Watchword.

Out Again

Secretary: "Yes, Mr. Jones is at liberty now."

Office Visitor: "Oh, I didn't even know he'd been in jail."

—Exchange.

Getting Back At Him

At two o'clock in the morning a woman telephoned the manager of a large department store. After much ringing, the manager answered with a gruff hello.

"This is Mrs. So-and-so," said the woman in a gushing tone. "I just couldn't help calling you personally to tell you that the hat I bought at your store last week is simply stunning! I don't know when I've liked anything so much!"

"That's all very fine," yawned the manager, "but would you mind telling me why you call me at this hour of the night about a hat you bought last week?"

"Because," she replied sweetly, "your truck has just delivered it."

—Exchange.